

The GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year---July 18, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

THIS WEEK'S FEATURES

High Spots in San Bernardino Celebration
Tragedy in Frank Batturs' Office
Mouser on the Job
Our Congressional Barkises
Gubernatorial Situation to Date
By the Way: Gossip of Local Men and Events
Annoying Acts of Over-zealous Policemen
Richard Barry's "Brenda" Analyzed
Why English Women Are Militant
Browsings: Old Fly-leaf Scribblings
Shaw's "Fanny" and "Dark Lady"
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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: ASSOCIATE



VIEWED BY POLITICAL EXPERTS

POLITICAL quid nuncs of the state are indulging their propensity to gossip and their tendency to predictions by outlining the probable line-up for the gubernatorial and other principal offices. It is pretty generally conceded by these wisecracks that the result of the primaries will give Fredericks, Johnson and Hall as the choice of the Republicans, Progressives and Democrats respectively, with so good a lead for Fredericks over all other candidates that his election in November will be strongly foreshadowed in consequence. South of the Tehachapi Fredericks has no competition while his adherents in the north are enthusiastic in his support, recognizing that the south is entitled to name the governor this year, after an interregnum of sixteen years.

Fredericks has been in the San Joaquin valley this week revealing himself to the electorate in a manner that cannot fail to make friends for his cause. His earnestness, directness of speech and sincerity are so apparent that many who have been indifferent as to his candidacy, after hearing him, go away warm supporters and proselytizers in his behalf. The man has depth, he is a clear thinker and a logical reasoner. His contact with the public in his sixteen years of service in the district attorney's office of Los Angeles county has resulted in the development of a strongly humane trend and an abiding desire to aid in ameliorating the lot of the unfortunates of society. His practical views on prison reform should commend him to all those sincere people who, while they are non-partisan in politics, are decidedly in favor of the man in public life bent on devising ways and means to restore to right living the men and women struggling toward a firmer footing.

In the contest for state supreme court presidential honors the three cornered situation that has developed through the candidacy of former Judge Walter Bordwell encourages Judge Conley's friends to believe that his prospects are materially enhanced by reason of the prospective divisional vote that otherwise would have been wholly Justice Angellotti's. Supporters of the latter, however, are firm in their contention that Judge Bordwell projected his candidacy too late in the day and that the northern jurist will have a safe lead in the primaries. There seems to be no question that Justice Lucien Shaw will succeed himself for another term, a mark of confidence fully warranted by the former Los Angeles judge's record on the bench. Argument is

made, and not without logical force, that with seven justices on the supreme bench there should be more than one from the southern part of the state. Justice Shaw will succeed himself, in all probability, but the retirement of Chief Justice Beatty, and the laudable aspiration of Justice Angelotti to that post should give Southern California a second representation. This is the view taken by friends and admirers of Judge William P. James of the second appellate district who is a candidate for the state supreme bench with good prospects of success.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL BARKISES

WITH the filing of his petition as a candidate for the Republican nomination for congress, Mr. O. R. W. Robinson, receiver for the last six years of the United States land office, becomes a formidable contender for the position held by Representative W. D. Stephens of the Tenth district, who is an avowed candidate for re-election. Mr. Robinson is a recognized authority on public land law, a resident of Los Angeles for twenty-five years and one who has been interested in public affairs for nearly two decades. He has a large personal following and goes before the people on a broad platform, that should prove attractive to a Republican constituency.

Of course, he will not be the sole aspirant for the Republican nomination. Captain H. Z. Osborne and General Frank C. Prescott are in the ring, each with earnest backing. Mr. Stephens, naturally, makes appeal for re-election on his good work in congress and will run as a Progressive. If party lines are drawn he is likely to lose to the Republican nominee, save that he numbers many friends in the political organization with which he was formerly affiliated. Captain Osborne supported him for congress two years ago as against Col. Holabird. Whether Gen. Prescott's aspiration to the Progressive nomination for senator in the thirty-first district will be regarded as a blot upon his Republican escutcheon is an undetermined question; so many factors, apparently, of small moment in themselves, enter to disturb the equilibrium of a candidate for a political office.

In the Ninth district Mr. F. C. Roberts of Long Beach is making an energetic canvass in his candidacy for the Republican nomination but he finds unexpected opposition in the aspirations of Mr. Dudley W. Robinson of South Pasadena, who is proving no insignificant factor in the race. The incumbent, Mr. Charles W. Bell, was elected as a Republican, while affiliating with the Progressives, under whose auspices he seeks to be returned to congress. Like the voracious Mouser he may file as a Republican and also as a Democrat. Thus far in neither the Tenth nor the Ninth district has a Democratic contender made his appearance. Mr. Bell will have to explain to his constituents why he voted to retain the free tolls subsidy clause in defiance of sound economics and regardless of our national honor.

Former Congressman James C. Needham appears to have the inside place in the Eleventh district race for the Republican nomination. The situation in that district has become practically a personal contest between Representative William Kettner, the Democratic incumbent, and Needham. The heavy Republican registration in San Diego and elsewhere in the district would seem to indicate hard sledding ahead for Kettner whose recalcitrancy in regard to the President's

attitude toward free tolls unquestionably will cost him many votes. His inability to land the new district judgeship for one of his San Bernardino supporters has contributed to his weakness. If the Republican registration in the district is at all reflective of the attitude of mind of his constituents Mr. Kettner will figure as another of the many one-termers who are so soon forgotten at Washington.

MOUSER ON THE JOB

WHEN the Hon. Frank H. Mouser of the seventy-fourth assembly district was a candidate for secretary of state several years ago he made the proud boast that he had shaken hands with more voters, up and down the state, than any other six candidates. But in spite of his pump-handle propensity "Glad-Hand" Mouser failed to receive the Republican nomination, retiring to his nest until two years ago when he emerged as a Progressive-Republican, captured the nomination in his assembly district and so assiduously responded to the governor's beck that if he wasn't given a nice fat office be sure it was not due to the modesty of the assemblyman from the seventy-fourth district.

This year Mr. Mouser again bobs up, but not so serenely as of yore. He has seen the Republican registration and is dubious of the election to office of an erstwhile Progressive. Then, too, the Democratic administration at Washington must not be overlooked by the prudent office-seeker, for, who knows? even a Democrat might slip through. Hence we find Hon. Frank H. Mouser sleeplessly on the watch. He has filed his petition as a Republican, as a Progressive and eke as a Democrat. There's perspicacity for you, there's enterprise, there's persistency! Mr. Mouser plays no favorites. He is content to be sent to Sacramento in any capacity. As a Republican if the G. O. P. is successful, as a Progressive if the Johnsonians nose out or as a Democrat if the other two parties split the vote and throw the election to that party.

Talk about the woman that married seven husbands! Her problem at the resurrection will be simple compared with the poser that will come before the Honorable Mouser if all three parties declare for him. In order to relieve him of a fearful dilemma it is to be hoped the Republicans of the seventy-fourth district will nominate another candidate not so diffuse in his politics, to the end that the Progressives may concentrate on so desirable a candidate. Mr. Mouser's modesty is equalled only by his consummate fairness. He knows he is a plum worth the picking by any party. He gives all three the chance! We suggest that he be raffled off and the party making the best throw take him to its bosom.

MEXICAN SITUATION BRIGHTENS

HUERTA has finally eliminated himself, praises be, and poor old Mexico will presently enter upon her task of political and economic rehabilitation. With consummate self-assurance the usurper, in his letter of resignation addressed to the deputies and senators of the Mexican congress, premises by stating that "public necessity called me to the supreme magistracy of the republic." That call, many of us have good reason to believe, was from within, the insistent voice of ambition which led him to turn traitor to the constitutional president and, a few days

after Madero's deposition, connive at his assassination, together with that of Vice-President Suarez.

Judge Francisco Carbajal, who is named as Mexico's provisional president, is a man of the highest principles who steps from the chief justiceship of the republic to serve as the temporary executive. His sympathies have ever been with the masses as against the científicos and it is noteworthy that he was one of the two judges of the supreme court of Mexico who refused to sign the decree declaring Huerta's succession to power, following the murder of the president and vice-president. Cabajal held that Lascrain was the constitutional successor to Madera and that Huerta had no right to the office. As chairman of the peace committee in 1911 he was instrumental in effecting an agreement between Madero and Porfirio Diaz whereby the latter retired from the country and Madero became president. In spite of his minority decision in the presidential successorship Cabajal held the esteem of Huerta because of his eminent fairness and it was this quality that caused him to name the jurist as provisional president.

It is understood that Carbajal will retire as soon as a constitutional president is duly elected. The peaceful entry of Carranza into Mexico City is now regarded as imminent. Meanwhile, a general amnesty is likely to be declared, conserving the lives and property of those who supported Huerta, following which the way will be clear for the triumphal march of the constitutionalists into the capital. The efforts of the mediators who served at Niagara Falls, will, it is hoped, be employed in effecting speedy negotiations resulting in the transfer of power from the provisional president to the constitutionalists. Gen. Carranza, it is pointed out, has everything to gain by consenting to such a course since it insures to himself immediate recognition by the United States, Argentine, Brazil and Chile.

That Huerta would trust his body in Mexico City, even if the amnesty included his person, is not likely. With the implacable hatred toward him manifested by Villa and other officers of lesser note in the so-called rebel army his existence at the capital would take on a most precarious hue. Safety in flight is his only recourse. It is a good riddance. Strong character though he is, his career has been anything but inspiring viewed from this side of the line and a sigh of relief will go up, universal in its extent, now that he is expunged. President Wilson has won his point, and who shall say that he was not justified? If revolutions in the Central and South American countries are to stop the agitators that profit by them and so lift themselves into office must cease to be recognized by the international powers. It is sound doctrine.

MINORITY LEADER MANN OBJECTS

WHEN Representative Will D. Stephens of the Tenth district rose in the house recently to support the bill to establish a branch hydrographic office at Los Angeles he was well primed with reasons why congress should approve the measure. But he had not reckoned on the Cerberus of the Republican party, Hon. James R. Mann of Chicago, a sort of reincarnated "Horizontal Bill" Morrison, the once great objector of the Democratic minority. Mr. Mann is suave, but adamant. He gives his victims a long line and after the bait and sinkers have been carried off he hauls in on the slack. He generously permitted Mr. Stephens to tell his colleagues about the port of Los Angeles, and the need of a hydrographic office to a city of 500,000 and then quietly remarked that the harbor of South Chicago which enters and clears \$5,000,000 a year gets along without one.

Mr. Stephens pleaded that the office, which is properly regarded as an aid to navigation, had been recommended by the secretary of the navy

and was brought to the attention of Senator Works, who introduced the bill, by the maritime and mercantile interests of Los Angeles. "How far is the city of Los Angeles from the port?" asked Watchdog Mann. Mr. Stephens explained that the city reaches the port, that the harbor is within the city. Mr. Mann was not satisfied. "How far is Los Angeles from the port," he insisted:

Mr. STEPHENS of California. The center of the city is about 22 miles from the harbor. But Los Angeles, believing in the development of the harbor, reached out an arm, and with the consent of two smaller towns on the harbor, took them and the harbor into the city. It had the money, and was ready to spend it on the harbor of refuge and of commerce. It promised to spend \$10,000,000 in improving the harbor. It has expended \$6,000,000; the remainder will be ready when called for, and millions more when needed. Los Angeles has proved its courage, and the results are greater than it claimed.

Mr. MANN. I have every regard for the city of Los Angeles. I believe it is a great city, and that this will be a great port. I helped locate the harbor up there since coming here. I do not believe they need the hydrographic office, and while the babies out there may be crying for it, they do not know what it is. The gentleman speaks of what it is going to be. I have no doubt it is very large now, but the congress sits long enough to provide for a thing after "it is" instead of for "what it is going to be."

Mr. Mann intimated that the office could make a nice fat place for a naval officer, on shore, whereupon Mr. Stephens retorted that one officer and two clerks at the outside would be all that were required; he hoped the gentleman from Illinois would not object. But Mr. Mann refused to budge and the bill was stricken from the calendar. The port of Los Angeles will have to content itself with The Graphic without the hydro prefix as a first aid in matters maritime as well as otherwise.

LOOTING OF THE NEW HAVEN

PERHAPS, it is just as well that the late John Pierpoint Morgan did not linger to hear the many harsh criticisms passed upon his actions insofar as they affected adversely the welfare of the New Haven railroad. Of course, his arbitrary decisions as to purchases of subsidiary properties at extravagant prices, which his fellow directors and President Mellen did not dare traverse, were not the sole cause of the wrecking of a once prosperous railroad property. That the pace he set was followed in other directions until upward of seventy millions of hard cash had been diverted from the treasury is not to be controverted. The report of the interstate commerce commission dealing with the looting of the New Haven lays bare the rotten financing that prevailed.

While the New Haven railroad is not in the hands of a receiver it is so badly crippled that it will require years of careful nursing before the stockholders will be receiving fair dividends on their investment and, meanwhile, the public must suffer for the sins of the Morgan group that mulcted the road. What has happened to the New Haven in piling up bond issues until the road ceased to be profitable is true of the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad and also of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad, both of which concerns were forced into the hands of receivers by precisely the same buccaneering methods that marked the downfall of the New Haven. Instead of being operated to serve the public and to pay honest dividends the crippled roads were the shuttlecocks of bankers who played the role of vampires until the life blood of their victims was all drawn.

Is it any wonder, in view of these recent unfortunate exhibits, that the cry for a putting into effect of the administration's anti-trust program is insistent? But we want no half-baked measures. It was publicity that effected amendments to the earlier crude currency bill until was evolved a safe and practical law now universally com-

mended. Trust legislation is all right if done scientifically, but a bungling process would be worse than useless. Let the country have free inspection of the pending bills to the end that open discussion may ensue and valuable criticism be made, as in the case of currency reform. Not all the wisdom of the business world is centered at Washington. Light on the issues and suggestions from our best thinkers are demanded.

SETTING A BAD PRECEDENT

CONGRESS has set a bad precedent in appropriating \$200,000 for the relief of sufferers from the Salem, Mass., fire. Heaven knows the budget is excessive without tacking on extraneous expenses of the nature noted. We fully agree with Representative Fitzgerald that it is no part of the federal functions to appropriate national funds for the destitute people of Salem. That is a duty devolving upon the great commonwealth of Massachusetts which should be ashamed to witness the federal government filling the place of almoner, a privilege that should be seized with avidity by the Old Bay State. If it were a poverty-stricken western state—if there is any such—that was compelled by stress of circumstances to turn to the present government for help the appeal would be more understandable, but Massachusetts has no such excuse for her complacency.

When the Mississippi and Ohio floods rendered homeless thousands of families appeal was made in vain to congress for assistance for the destitute. The answer was that the states must take care of their own, a reply that was logical if a trifle heartless. Why then, this reversion of form for the stricken city of Salem, in what is, probably, the wealthiest state, for its population, in the Union? Having gone contrary to precedent and shown that a state may shift its responsibilities to the federal government, in that direction will other localities turn rather than toward their state capitals for assistance in all cases of disaster by fire, flood or other elements. It is not that we are callous as to the extent of the catastrophe that has overtaken the historic town of Salem, that we object to the voting of funds from the national treasury, but because we believe the great commonwealth of Massachusetts is well able to take care of its indigent. If that state is so favored hardly any city of any state in the Union can with consistency be refused aid on future occasions.

What becomes of the spirit of economy and promises of retrenchment in public expenses that were credited to the Democratic party and believed to be regnant with its leaders in congress? In passing upon the results accomplished and the cost to the country in dollars and cents the total is what will stick in the minds of the people; the manner in which the money was expended will be entirely ignored. While the Salem item is comparatively small it is an expense that is not warranted. Massachusetts should have repudiated the appeal and instructed congress that it would take care of all Salem's destitute as a proud privilege. It is disappointing to find the spirit of noblesse oblige missing.

LOGICAL ARGUMENT, NOT BIGOTRY

OUR esteemed contemporary, The Tidings, Los Angeles' excellent Catholic diocesan paper, intimates that our intellectuals are a trifle warped because we find less harm accruing to the country in the acquisition of 4000 Japanese than in the reception of 255,000 south-of-Italy immigrants in a given period. We are accused of never missing an opportunity to extol the sons of Nippon and to belittle the hardworking and industrious Italians who come to America to better their condition. Fie upon so painful an effort to distort the meaning of our comparison! The Tidings must know that the immigrants from

southern Italy are reckoned the most ignorant and least attractive of all Europeans; hardworking and industrious, doubtless, but not more so than the energetic Japanese. Our point is that, economically, the advent of the inert, stolid 255,000 Sicilians is far more of a problem to the established order than the 4000 keen-minded Japanese, only one-sixtieth the menace of the former.

To introduce the religious element is wholly to pervert the figure. If Bishop Conaty were here he would tell the editor of The Tidings that The Graphic has a wholesome respect, nay, a high regard for Catholicism, and that we count among our warmest friends, members of the Roman Catholic faith. We dare say that in the ranks of the Japanese are to be found no more of immorality and deceit than lurk in the same number of Sicilians or Magyars or Russian Jews whose representatives crowd these shores annually in the ratio of twenty to one Japanese. As for the paganism of the latter let us not forget that thousands have accepted the Christian faith. If the supreme court of the United States ever passes upon the question of their admission to full citizenship we dare affirm that the second generation of Japanese will prove to be good Americans, with as fine an appreciation of our laws and institutions as the continental immigrant.

Perhaps, this is bigotry, to be so minded, as our contemporary ventures to suggest, and yet it might be considered as savoring of the opposite. We find the bigots in those who rail at the Japanese, in the highly laudable task of currying favor with the anti-Asiatic professionals of the Tveitmoie type. Governor Johnson deliberately baited the Japanese, in the passage of the anti-alien land law bill, to lure votes to his support, and to work his spleen on the Wilson administration. It is Johnson who is responsible for the ill-feeling toward us, engendered in the government officials at Tokyo. He interfered in our foreign relations, affairs wholly outside his province, "to teach Mr. Wilson a lesson," forsooth, so one of his political lieutenants has explained. May we suggest to the esteemed Tidings to look farther afield for the bigotry it attributes to us, or, indeed, search well its own premises.

Not long ago a story went the round of the newspapers that Bryan was to have had a "death mask" made, but when the process of making the plaster impression was described to him, he declined, the jocular inference being that he did so because he could not speak for several minutes. It now appears that this was absolutely untrue. Bryan did have the mask made, and never said he wouldn't. It is going pretty far when they even lie to get a laugh on Bryan.



It was in my happy school days in a middle-west Cranford of a village that I began to notice and to note all the interesting rhymes of ownership and warnings and conjurations I saw writ upon the flyleaves of books. These appeared most frequently in the old books and usually took the form of threats or warnings to the book-thief (still with us, even in this era of cheap books) or of entreaty to the borrower (still living, alack-a-day!) to return the book and in a fairly decent condition. I well remember my earliest discovery.

It was in the second primary room (we were not then designated as grades) and at the A-class study hour that an arithmetic, unostentatiously

circulating among all the forty-four little citizens, reached the back-seat and me, with the significant look. Nothing to eat nor to chew was attached to it; there was no pictorial cartoon of our teacher nor of the teacher's favorite; there was no new kind of book-mark nor penwiper; no social bulletin. O no! In the ultra-fashionable, purple-pencil-and-red-ink combination of the moment and upon the flyleaf was this:

If U don't believe this book is mine
Just look on page forty-nine.

What mystery and unsuspected controversy was this? How very thrilling and what an appeal to all interested in common justice! And, breathlessly, a nine-year old girl turned over the pages while a small boy in the front-seat grinned like the rising sun at such undisguised interest. What was I expecting to find, I wonder, on that page forty-nine? An affidavit signed by George Washington and President Hayes? I don't know. But, certainly, I did not expect perfectly lucid poetry to point the way to anything so rude as:

Fools look

& steal this book.

Willie H. Baker, Owner.

One's vision blurred. Unaware that the poetry was not original and that it had amused untold generations of little boys, I dropped the book in the aisle with proper indignation and dispatch and waited an opportunity to make a face at Willie. One yearned to cry, but little women of nine did not weep publicly in those pre-kindergarten days, unless perchance they missed a word in the spelling class (that marched itself through the long aisles to stand like mural decorations on three sides of the big, dim room)—missed a word and had to walk away back to one's seat and sit down, having stumbled more than the allowable three times on such very nice words as miscellaneous, parallelogram and responsibility.

But rude and crude as Willie H. Baker's poetry was, everyone in our world immediately followed the new style and in ink so purple as to withstand the effect of forty-degrees-below weather and all the years between then and now. Of course, those of us who loved belles-lettres shrunk from the ugly word "fools" and wrote "knaves" instead, a term that could have suggested little in ante-card-playing times but tarts and the household annoyances of The Queen of Hearts. Certainly, within a week, the new style (with variations) was displacing the popular basket-of-eggs, the rubbings of coins, and other favorite ways of defacing school-books, probably inherited from the Phoenicians themselves, although we of the A-class believed that everything of the kind originated with us.

Soon after, an example of quite another school of flyleaf poetry was discovered in a fat little copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," which had belonged to a great-great-aunt who had died in 1790:

Fear Percival her book

God give her grace herein to look.

Many years have melted since I managed to lose that dear little book, soberly bound in full calf. Meantime, I have apologized to the gentle spirit of the original owner, as I copied the epitaph on her mossy headstone which leans in the shadow of a stately and ancient meeting-house, lily-white among its trees, on one of the loveliest hilltops in all New England. So, whenever I chance upon this couplet in any old book, I again see that fat duodecimo that was hers and which I shall ever mourn. Ah me! its days and her days were the early days of our republic, sweet and serene, when no one who worked was very, very poor; when no one could accumulate a vast fortune except by piracy on the high seas; when there was time for such things as family life and friendships, all hedged about with beautiful little dignities and respect. Those were the days when groups of friends did not shout and shriek simultaneously and at the tops of their voices. They conversed in proper dialogue form, probably reaching all their periods without interruption! Ideas of success were not then popularly based upon mere money but upon high character and influence for good in one's community—upon sky-high ideals maintained to the end. How long ago and how far away it all seems!

Old books induce so many, many dreams, like wedding-cake, like commencement day oratory. And the charms of old books are as countless and as sweetly, sadly spellbinding as the charms of old-fashioned flower-gardens. Books written in their praise are as countless as the linnets on the swaying reeds and weeds of the mesas or as the private motor-cars in the state of California. Does any charm appeal more directly to the average booklover, playing with the dream-blocks of other days, than the scribbings on old fly-leaves,

scribblings that convince us the books were esteemed or well loved long ago and by really tangible persons?

For our favorite editor and one of the most entertaining of all bibliophiles (his name is Samuel Travers Clover, of course) and for his book-loving readers, some flyleaf rhymes are appended. They have been met with in all sorts of old books—school-books, divinity library books, allegorical romances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (told with a fine scorn of time in nine or twelve thick folios), young men's preceptors and young ladies' companions.

Bookplates have quite superseded all these, perhaps, and for all time. But it cannot greatly matter, as we are repeatedly assured that the books we buy today (printed in chemical ink on wood-pulp paper) shall neither burden nor charm the next century. They will be palimpsests of a new kind.

The Child that Learns his Letters faire
Shall keep a Coache & take the Aire.

(Abijah Fuller's book.)

Pinks smell Sweet

Good girls are Neat. (Lydia Washburne's property)

Obadiah Blivvens owns this Book

& He that Steals it Shal be hanged on a Crook.

Who steals this Book will end the Strife
With Name erased from Book of Life.

This Book was stolen from Ebenezer Stoddard.

Thomas Smith's Book of Latin Grammar A. D. 1718
& froze to Death.

Who Steals a Book that isn't his'n
Soon or Late will go to Prison.

This is John Belden His Book
You may just within it look
You had better not do more
For old Black Satan's at the Door
& will Snatch at steling Hands
Look behind you There he Stands.

Steal not this book Mine Honest Friend
For fear the Gallows be thine End.

Steal not this Book
For if You do
Tom Harris will be
After you.

If this Book you do not Return
In the Pitt you will Burn.

This Book was bo't for good Intent
Pray bring it Hame when it is Lent.
(Temperance Sedgewick's book.)

If to a frien
This Book I lend
Be sure to Return
Or in Hell you will Burn.

William Cole's Book
Will Cole His Property
Bought at Salem 1796
Read Slowly Pause Frequently
Think Seriously Keep Cleanly Return Duly
And with the Corners Not Turned Down.

Solemnly do You Swear
This Book not to Tear
Nor soil nor fray?
For your Soul will I Pray
If its Return you Delay.

Steal not this Book for fear of Shame
For here you see the Owner's Name (John Howard)
Or in the Court the Judge will say
Where is the Book you stole away?
Up the Ladder & down the Rope
You'll hang & hang until Ye Choak.

Elisha Stickney is my Name
America my Nation
Lenox is my Abiding-place
& Christ is my Salvation.
When I am Ded & in my Grav
& all my Boanes are rotten
O pray Remember me
Or else I will be forgotten.
(In another hand:) No Siree!

When Land is gone & Money Spent
Then Learning is most Excellent.

(David Bassett's Book
Don't you Steel it)

—OLIVE PERCIVAL.

Shaw Writes Two Pieces for the Millions By Randolph Bartlett

“THERE are just two classes of people in England as regards George Bernard Shaw, those who agree with him and those who do not understand him,” said Gilbert K. Chesterton in effect, in his book about the much-discussed writer of plays, adding, “I am the only person who understands Shaw and I do not agree with him.” There is a great deal of truth in the remark as to the general public. Many people agree with Shaw because they are either mentally too lazy or too dull to engage in a battle of wits with him. Still more, however, pretend to agree with him the same as a great many people pretend to be Republicans, or Democrats, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Americans; they must be something, think something, or lacking that, “assume a virtue though they have it not.”

It is inevitable that the majority of individuals shall be incapable of initiative. They must get their politics, their religion, and even their nationality by heredity, which is why “there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth,” and also why a naturalized citizen like myself is to be preferred as a member of the commonwealth, to one whose citizenship is simply the result of geography plus inertia. Repentance and immigration are actions requiring a distinct mental effort, a breaking away from tradition and heredity, or habit. Similarly, with mental life. There is an extremely small number of persons capable of establishing for themselves an independent mental existence, but there is an ever growing number of persons who feel a mind-hunger, or else are sufficiently anxious to be modern to want to appear to have a mind hunger. These persons always read Bernard Shaw, and always agree with him, lacking the wherewith to understand and disagree—which is what Chesterton was driving at.

Now, the reason these persons do not understand Shaw is not that the nimble Celt is abstruse or obscure in his statements. His sentences are short and smooth. Macaulay himself was not more fluent. But these lazy or inept followers of Shaw are usually of the novel-reading class, and the chances are that most of them, when they feel they have done their duty by their minds with Shaw, turn to the Saturday Evening Post with a great sigh of relief. So they attack Shaw with the fiction appetite, and become involved in the mazes of the static drama. Shaw almost never tells a story. He did in “Arms and the Man” and again in his latter-day plays, but in that long list of propaganda drama by which he achieved his reputation as a revolutionist, find one in which the entire story cannot be expressed in one or two sentences. Certainly, not “Mrs. Warren,” “Widowers’ Houses,” “Candida,” “Man and Superman,” “The Doctor’s Dilemma,” or any of the most noted plays. They are discussions of social conditions, with a few entrances and exits to keep them from sounding like a sophomore debate in a socialist college. The whole value of the play escapes these readers while their minds are woolgathering in search of a story. As they find no story they decide the play is “deep” and agree with it, because to disagree, it would be necessary to state reasons, which is impossible.

Of late years Mr. Shaw seems to have taken cognizance of this large class of followers and said to himself, in a sense of gratitude: “I really must do something for these good people.” So we have “The Dark Lady of the Sonnets” and “Fanny’s First Play.” Let it not be thought for the least fraction of a moment that I am disparaging these plays. They are delightful, but—tell it not in Gath—they are stories. Each has its plot and “Fanny,” by way of making magnificent amends for past shortcomings, has two. To be sure, Mr. Shaw in connection with “The Dark Lady,” obviously, was ashamed of the fact that in a one-act sketch of only sixteen pages he had been so careless as to tell a story, so he wrote a preface twice as long to try to conceal the fact. He made no such attempt with “Fanny,” which, he says, “being but a potboiler, needs no preface.” Now they who have felt the call of Shaw and have not responded, are here provided with their “First Reader.”

“The Dark Lady of the Sonnets” is a joy unalloyed. It is based, of course, upon speculation as to the identity of the person mentioned by William Shakespeare in the poems to which allusion is made. The humor is predicated upon Shakespeare talking like a medieval Bernard Shaw, and making notes of good things he hears said, that he may incorporate them into his plays.

Indeed, in his preface Shaw says: “If I had been born in 1556 instead of 1856, I should have taken to blank verse and given Shakespeare a harder run for his money than all the other Elizabethans put together.” So this Shakespeare has an engagement with the Dark Lady on the terrace of the Palace at Whitehall one summer night. He goes to keep his tryst, and there comes to him another lady in a great cloak, whom he does not expect, but she will do as well, so he proceeds to make love to her. Then:

THE LADY: (With cold majesty) Know you to whom you speak, sir, that you dare express yourself so saucily?

THE MAN: (Unabashed) Not I, nor care neither. You are some lady of the court, belike. To me there are but two sorts of women: those with excellent voices, sweet and low, and cackling hens that cannot make me dream. Your voice has all manner of loveliness in it. Grudge me not a short hour of its music.

THE LADY: Sir, you are overbold. Season your admiration for a while with—

THE MAN: (Holding up his hand to stop her) “Season your admiration for a while!”

THE LADY: Fellow, do you dare mimic me to my face?

THE MAN: ‘Tis music. Can you not hear? When a good musician sings a song, do you not sing it and sing it again till you have caught and fixed its perfect melody? “Season your admiration for a while!” God! The history of man’s heart is in that one word admiration. Admiration! (Taking up his tablets) What was it? “Suspend your admiration for a space!”

THE LADY: A very vile jingle of esses. I said “Season your”—

THE MAN: (Hastily) Season: ay, season, season, season. Plague on my memory, my wretched memory! I must e’er write it down. (He begins to write, but stops, his memory failing him) Yet tell me which was the vile jingle? You said very justly: mine own ear caught it even as my false tongue said it.

THE LADY: You said “for a space.” I said “for a while.”

THE MAN: “For a while” (he corrects it). Good! (Arduently) And now be mine neither for a space nor a while, but for ever.

Thus engaged, the pair is discovered by the real Dark Lady, who rushes upon them, and with two vigorous cuffs knocks the man sprawling, hurls the cloaked lady back, and it is seen that the latter is the queen.

THE DARK LADY: (Recognizing her and falling on her knees in abject terror.) Will, I am lost! I have struck the queen!

THE MAN: (Sitting up as majestically as his ignominious posture allows.) Woman: you have struck WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ELIZABETH: (Grimly) The son of your father shall learn his place in the presence of the daughter of Harry the Eighth.

SHAKESPEARE: (Swelling with intolerant importance.) Name not that inordinate man in the same breath with Stratford’s worthiest alderman. John Shakespeare wedded but once: Harry Tudor was married six times. You should blush to utter his name. . . . How know you that King Harry was indeed your father? . . . Learn to know yourself better, madam. I am an honest gentleman of unquestioned parentage, and I have already sent in the demand for the coat-of-arms that is lawfully mine. Can you say as much for yourself.

ELIZABETH: (Almost beside herself.) Another word; and I begin with mine own hands the work the hangman shall finish.

SHAKESPEARE: You are no true Tudor: this baggage here has as good a right to your royal seat as you. What maintains you on the throne of England? Is it your renowned wit? Your wisdom that sets at naught the craftiest statesmen of the Christian world? No. ‘Tis mere chance that might have happened to any milkmaid, the caprice of Nature that made you the most wondrous piece of beauty the age hath seen. (Elizabeth’s raised fists, on the point of striking him, fall to her side.) There, madam, is some wholesome blunt honest speaking for you. Now do your worst.

THE DARK LADY: Oh madam, if you would know what misery is, listen to this man that is more than man and less at the same time. He will tie you down to anatomize your very soul; he will wring tears of blood from your humiliation; and then he will heal the wound with flatteries that no woman can resist.

SHAKESPEARE: (Kneeling) Flatteries! Oh madam, I put my case at your royal feet. I confess to much. I have a rude tongue: I am unmanly: I blaspheme against the holiness of anointed royalty; but oh, my royal mistress, AM I a flatterer?

ELIZABETH: I absolve you as to that. You are far too plain a dealer to please me.

And so, with Richard, “Was ever woman in this humour wooed?” The Dark Lady is dismissed, and Shakespeare sets before his queen his plan for a National Theater, complaining that the vulgar folk of the day will have only “‘As You Like It,’ meaning that it is not as I like it, and ‘Much Ado About Nothing,’ as it truly is,” while he has written other noble and excellent plays which must have an endowed theater if they would be produced. He touches upon the commercialization of the theater. Indeed, it might be a chapter from Richard Burton done into Old English. Elizabeth cannot see it, and

remarks, “Of this I am certain that until every other country in the Christian world, even to barbarian Muscovy and the hamlets of the boorish Germans, have its playhouse at the public charge, England will never adventure. And she will adventure then only because it is her desire to be ever in the fashion, and to do humbly and dutifully whatso she seeth everybody else doing.”

This latter portion of the brief play, while it has a logical connection with the story, was obviously a topical bit inserted for the occasion, “The Dark Lady of the Sonnets” having been written for a performance in aid of the funds of the project for establishing a National Theater as a memorial to Shakespeare.

“Fanny’s First Play” is first of all a comedy. It is a succession of amusing incidents from first to last, founded upon the inconsistencies of that great bugaboo, “middle class morality.” But beware of even this fragment of an idea, for this is a story and not a preachment, and while it is not impossible to find in the young folk whose escapades form the basis of the action, a strong suggestion of the son of the reprobate minister and the daughter of Mrs. Warren in the play of that name, there is much more of the playfulness of Shaw’s most lighthearted work, “You Never Can Tell.” In explaining why the piece was produced anonymously Shaw says “it operated as a measure of relief to those critics and playgoers who are so obsessed by my strained legendary reputation that they approach my plays in a condition which is really one of derangement, and are quite unable to conceive a play of mine as anything but a trap baited with paradoxes and designed to compass their ethical perversion and intellectual confusion.”

It is a play within a play. Count O’Dowda believes there is no beautiful realities and so shuts out all that is modern and English from his life. He passes most of his time abroad, but his daughter, Fanny, has been educated at Cambridge, and has written a play. He has not read it, nor will she let him do so, but persuades him to allow her to stage it in their country house, and engage several critics to come up from London, witness the performance, and give their opinion of it without knowing who is the author. The first act, called an “induction,” introduces the father, daughter, impresario of critics and the critics themselves. They return again in the epilogue, and here Shaw gets in one of his most delicious flings at the reviewers. Having seen the play, and being asked for his opinion of it, one of the critics, Bannal, asks the name of the author.

THE COUNT: That is a secret for the present. BANNAL: You don’t expect me to know what to say about a play when I don’t know who the author is, do you?

THE COUNT: Why not?

BANNAL: Why not? Why not! Suppose you had to write about a play by Pinero and one by Jones! Would you say exactly the same thing about them?

THE COUNT: I presume not.

BANNAL: Then how could you write about them until you knew which was Pinero and which Jones? Besides, what sort of a play is this? that’s what I want to know. Is it a comedy or a tragedy? Is it a farce or a melodrama? Is it repertory theater tosh, or really straight paying stuff?

GUNN: Can’t you tell from seeing it?

BANNAL: I can see it all right enough; but how am I to know how to take it? Is it serious or is it spoof? If the author knows what his play is, let him tell us what it is. If he doesn’t he can’t complain if I don’t know either. I’m not the author.

THE COUNT: But is it a good play, Mr. Bannal? That’s a simple question.

BANNAL: Simple enough when you know. If it’s by a good author, it’s a good play, naturally. That stands to reason. Who is the author? Tell me that, and I’ll place the play for you to a hair’s breadth.

This is delightful here in Los Angeles, where there are so many new plays produced by Oliver Morosco from time to time, with the local critics performing deeds of violence upon them. Verbum sap.

The comedy itself concerns a son of orthodox nonconformist parents, and a daughter of a similar couple, who break away from the conventionalities, are arrested for participation in certain lively adventures, and serve thirty days in jail. The little world is turned topsy turvy and the fun is constant. It is what Bannal describes as “straight paying stuff.” Here then we have Shaw for the millions. His cleverness is not abated one whit, and his brilliance of epigram and phrase are present in abundant measure. But the biting wind of revolutionary philosophy is tempered to the naked minds of simple folk like you and me.

(“The Dark Lady of the Sonnets” and “Fanny’s First Play,” by George Bernard Shaw. (Part of his latest volume.) Brentano’s. Bullock’s.)

By the Way



Below the Belt

My friend, Harbeson, the capable editor of the San Bernardino Sun, is telling a good story on Mayor Harry Rose of Los Angeles, who, as all well-informed persons know, played a prominent part in the celebration last Saturday at the neighboring city on the occasion of its electrical mating—by trolley—with the metropolis of the south. The crowds in attendance were large and not amenable to discipline so that the distinguished visitors were badly jostled in performing the solemn function of driving the last spike. Several times, in the preparatory alignment to place, our city executive with difficulty suppressed what might have been profane exclamations as his tender extremities were abraded, and one offender earned the mayor's bitterest, but unspoken, execrations because of repeated thrusts at a pet lunion carefully guarded by Harry from public gaze. But even a visiting worm has his hour of triumph and it came to His Honor. When the silver spike was in position and the sledge was delivered to the mayor to apply the first blow, he grasped the handle about midway, hit the spike a resounding thwack and as he recovered, let the butt end of the hammer jam into his tormentor's abdomen, doubling that individual up so that he was hors de combat for the remainder of the exercises. As they carried him to the ambulance a sardonic smile was observed to overspread the features of the mayor what time he profusely apologized for his apparent clumsiness.

How San Bernardino Celebrated

This reminds me that last Sabbath's edition of the San Bernardino Sun, covering the previous day's celebration, left nothing to be desired in the way of metropolitan journalism. My felicitations to the capable directing genius of that always entertaining and delightfully controversial matutinal daily. Especially was I interested in the California pageant to which my poetical colleague, Hon. John S. McGroarty, lent his discriminating talents in shaping, aided and abetted by that genius of publicity men, Charles H. Burnett, popularly known as "Burnie," whose indefatigable labors, in a limited space of time, I happen to know were largely responsible for the success of the spectacle, which, indeed, was his conception. Of course, the main-spring was President Paul Shoup whose feeling little address at the dedication of the "rainbow route" of his intercity line I cherish as one of the most felicitous speeches ever delivered on a like gala occasion. To quote John McGroarty as to the pageant:

Trail of Two Centuries

"As actually as though we had been born 200 years ago, we strode beside the Indian savage, who stalked with bow and arrow, the wild beast of his prey across the wide brown plains and up into the green heart of the hills, and in another time we saw the white man come, the first of all his race, old Juan de Anza, the captain of Tubac, blazing the train from Sonora to Monterey. Came then the brown robed brothers of St. Francis, came San Gabriel, the archangel, to found the mission of San Bernardino in a savage land. And in the footprint of the padres' sandals came all things else, the Spanish dons, the tutored Indian, carreta, the Mormon pioneer, the prairie schooner, making deep ruts in the wild grass of the meadows. The patient ox, the slow sure burro, the fleet-footed horse, the first crude wheel of iron, and at the last the great red dragon of the trolley, annihilating time and distance across tracks of steel."

Brief Survey of Notables

I wish I had the space to dilate on the details of that fete day, to do justice to the suave response of Senator Robert Bulla to the welcome by the San Bernardino Women's Club, which entertained the distinguished guests at dinner, to the fascinating costume of Ralph Dominguez as he sat like a grandee of old Spain in his carved leather saddle, with its massive silver ornaments,

and eulogize the qualities of mine host, John S. Mitchell of the Hollenbeck, officially representing the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and everybody's friend. But the dailies have done their part so well that it only remains for me to hit a few high spots in this unique celebration. I must not neglect to speak of the imposing appearance of the cavalcade headed by Managing Director John H. Ince of the Bronco (I wonder why he insists on interpolating an "h" in that Spanish name) Motion Picture Company. He was followed by a superbly equipped band of Sioux Indians, seven span of oxen drawing prairie schooners of the real old type of '49 and an army wagon, with cavalry escort in quaint war-time uniforms. Assisted by General Manager Brooks of the 101 Ranch Company these professionals were every minute "in the picture." The pioneer era of the pageant, by the way, in which were employed real old prairie schooners that "came across" the plains intermittently from 1843 to 1860, was under the chairmanship of John Brown Jr., president of the San Bernardino Pioneer Society and it was a wonderful revelation.

Riverside's Part in the Pageant

To me the interest of Orange Belt Day centered chiefly in the Spanish era of the pageant, sponsor for which was the Riverside Chamber of Commerce, assisted by Master of the Inn Frank A. Miller, the patrician Cantadores Club of Riverside, Sherman Institute and descendants of prominent Spanish pioneers. The first Spanish explorer, for instance, Don Juan Bautista de Anza, the famous captain of Tubac, was represented by Ignacio Alvarado, a stately old Spanish gentleman of the wealthy and prominent Alvarado family of San Bernardino. The padres were represented by members of the Cantadores Club, the Indian neophytes and the tribal Indians curiously following the little procession of padres, were the contribution of Sherman Institute by courtesy of Superintendent Frank M. Conser. The picturesque old carreta, which stands in the grounds of Mission Inn at Riverside, was in the wake of the Indians and its supplies were closely guarded. The gorgeous cavalcade of Spanish grandees included Don Pio Pico, Don Antonio Maria Lugo, Monsieur Louis Rubidoux, Don Juan Bandini, Don Jose Maria Estudillo and others, all of whom were represented by their lineal descendants, men eminent in Riverside and elsewhere, magnificently mounted and with rich, silver-ornamented saddles. The merry party of señoritas in holiday dress, was portrayed by beautiful Spanish girls of distinguished Riverside families. A feature of the pageant was the showering of cascarnes on the heads of the caballeros as they rode by the laughing Spanish beauties. A striking figure in the procession was Senator Miguel Estudillo, in black velvet and silver suit of graceful cape style, attended by his handsome young son, Master Rex, in velvet and sombrero. The senator's saddle trappings were magnificent and the carved leather saddle inlaid with silver, an inheritance from his father will, in time, pass to his son. Altogether, it was a thoroughly artistic affair reflecting great credit on the Riverside contingent that made it possible. To Senator and Mrs. Estudillo much credit is due for their interest in the pageant. Riverside ought to be proud of its representation in this highly successful excursion along the "Road of Yesterday." John McGroarty assures me that the pageant conformed to all the approved rules as laid down by Benson. This ought to be gratifying to Scenario Writer "Burnie," for I'll wager a peso he never studied them or even knew there were rules for pageants. What he evolves is from within.

An Involuntary Homicide

There is an impalpable air of sadness permeating the offices of Frank Batturs, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, in the Pacific Electric building. I felt it, when I opened the door and then I noticed the triste expression on Frank's usually cheerful countenance. Adapting my tone to the occasion I gently inquired the cause. "See that pigeon on the window sill," said Frank pointing to a fantail pecking at a piece of rope in the vain attempt at nest-building. I nodded. "She and her mate had made their home in the folds of the awning that shades my window. It had not been touched for weeks when, a day or two ago, I decided that my complexion was being ruined by the glare. Alas and alack! as I paid out the rope and the awning came taut into place a little nest was bounced off into space and two tiny eggs sailed away and were shattered on the stone sidewalk. The prospective parents were in great distress; they flew up and down, fluttered wildly against the pane and by their actions plainly indicated their grief. Every time I look out the window their mournful eyes are bent

upon me. I feel like a murderer. Futilely have they essayed to rebuild and start anew. I am fond of pigeons. I think squabs, broiled, are delicious. I am going to Chicago to try to shake off this mental depression and escape the reproachful glances of the homeless pigeons." What could I say? I gave the hand of the perturbed general passenger agent a sympathetic squeeze and noiselessly retired, leaving him alone with his great sorrow.

Adonis of Local Railroad Men

Local railroad men have fallen into the habit of stopping District Passenger Agent F. S. McGinnis of the Southern Pacific and complimenting him on the good character work he is doing on the Burbank boards, pretending that they mistook him for Forrest Stanley, whom he greatly resembles, when he modestly protests the error in identity. Stanley, as all Burbankers know, is the Adonis of the Los Angeles stage, just as McGinnis is the most pulchritudinous of the executive staff of the Southern Pacific railroad—at least in Southern California, for I am not blind to the inimitable exterior of Vice-President E. O. McCormick, the Chesterfield of the north. Frank Batturs is authority for the statement—a gross libel on himself—that he invariably pairs off with Adonis McGinnis whenever possible, as in that way a striking average in personableness is effected.

Back to His Old Love

Glover P. Widney, I see, has returned to his old love, the Southern California Music Company, which for fourteen years prior to his straying away to other pastures was the scene of his business activities. Formerly, he served as vice-president of the company, but whether he acts in like capacity this time is yet to be revealed. It will not surprise me if he is elected to any office in the disposition of the directorate, knowing his genius for the work. As his old chief, Frank J. Hart retains his majority control of the stock and with restored health is devoting his entire attention to the business, there is little doubt that Glover will be assigned to responsible duties. It is good news to his many friends.

Weak on His Geography

Dan Green, who is enjoying a leave of absence from the Examiner for the purpose of promoting the aspirations of W. J. Ford for district attorney, committed the faux pas of the campaign this week. In sending out publicity material for newspapers he included the Upland News in his list, and sent that paper a check for advertising, with a piece of literature descriptive of the high attainments of his principal, for the purpose of enlightening the outlanders in the Uplands region. Billy West, editor of the paper wrote back, returning the check, and drawing attention to the fact that Uplands is in San Bernardino, and while he appreciated the implied compliment, that his paper circulated so extensively that it would assist a candidate in Los Angeles county, he did not feel justified in accepting the money. It is said that Dan proceeded quietly and unostentatiously forthwith to purchase a map of this county, not itemizing the charge in his expense account.

Long Beach Gets a Plum

I hear that the Meyer Lissner prize of \$100, offered for the best essay on a "Charter for Los Angeles," has fallen to Miss Helen Dolley, a senior at the University of Southern California, and a resident of Long Beach. The decision came through Clinton R. Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League, with headquarters at Philadelphia. Competition was open to students of Occidental College and the junior colleges of the city as well as the University of Southern California.

Correcting a Wrong Impression

No, Anxious Inquirer, the Baron Picon whose sprightly writings are appearing from day to day in the Examiner, in the form of interviews with local notables, is not a manner of concealing the identity of Otheman Stevens, although the impression gained is more or less justifiable. First of all, Otheman is the "kid glove" member of the Examiner staff, and ordinarily when anything of this high class is wanted, it is Stevens who is asked to do it. Moreover, Stevens is the inventor of the title "Picon-grenadine Room" which is often applied to the buffet—or in common parlance the bar—of the Alexandria. Stevens and Paul Armstrong made the picon punch quite the rage for a while, so it was but natural that he should be suspected of being Baron Picon. Not so. Or should I say, "Il n'est pas?" The

Baron is none other than C. DeVidal Hunt, who, by the way, is entitled to the title Baron, though I'm not so certain as to his relations with the picon. Hunt is one of the best educated newspaper men in Los Angeles, which, possibly, is why he has not made a deeper dent as a newspaper man here. He is not the only newspaper man now writing under an assumed name in Los Angeles, but the other instance I have in mind is so different that I hesitate to mention him in the same paragraph. No, I will not do so. See next paragraph for details.

Callow Youth in Serious Business

Under the name of John Danger, a callow youth, Hugh Baillie, is writing a series of stories in the Los Angeles Record, made up for the most part—or at least extensively—of sheer fake, humbug, buncombe, and misrepresentation. The Baillie youth is of a good family. His father was for many years a valued and respected member of the local newspaper profession, and only lately has ceased to be active. The boy may be all right too, but he has been given a job that is not safely entrusted to any person except the most cool-headed, discriminating observer. John Danger, I might better explain, owing to the fact that so few of the Graphic clientele read the Record, is supposed to be visiting places where revels of the most vicious nature are of nightly occurrence, within a short distance of Los Angeles, as well as in the city itself. Certain of these are, on their face, pure fake, as the alleged "West Adams Street pajama party," which Baillie, sheltered under his pen name, described in vivid detail scenes which, even if they were enacted, could not in the nature of things, have been witnessed by this lad from the Record. Incidentally, the number of the house was carefully concealed.

Betray the "Old Sleuth" Reader

Those of the Baillie-Danger stories which do not shriek "fake" on their face, and which are colored by sufficient facts to indicate that the youngster at least passed in the vicinity of the places described, betray the confirmed reader of "Old Sleuth" and kindred literature. Moreover, in certain articles there are incidents in which Baillie tells of actual violations of law in the selling of liquor without a license. It is clearly the duty of the city prosecutor's office to demand from the writer the proof of his statements, and if it is forthcoming, arrest the persons guilty of the misdemeanor. This would put young Mr. Baillie's yarns to the sodium test, and might possibly have the result of closing the series. Most of the doings reported, however, are well within the law, and are simply, even if true, the ribald doings of roysterers whose escapades cannot be checked by any known process. There is certainly, less of this sort of thing in Los Angeles than in almost any other city of its size in the world.

One Result of the Fictions

Now this matter has been published daily for several weeks, and as its ridiculous nature seemed such as to prevent it from doing much harm I have refrained from commenting upon it, previously. The character of the paper publishing the matter, and its reputation for defaming its own city, are such that it would seem the ill results would be negligible. Apparently, certain over-zealous and ill-advised policemen, however, have been taking the situation seriously, and have set about it on their own account to clean up the town. Thus transpired the following incident: A young man of good family had made a purchase in a cigar store, received several silver dollars in change, and as he stepped out of the place stood a few seconds at the door, absent-mindedly clinking the silver. Two young women employes of a store owned by his chum, passed and spoke to him, and he replied. It was a casual acquaintance, and he did not even know their names, but had seen them daily for weeks. A policeman seized the young man by the arm, and asked, roughly: "Do you know those girls?" "Of course I do," the other answered. "I don't believe you. Come on," and he dragged the young man by the arm, in pursuit of the young women. "All right," said the youth. "I'll introduce you to them." "No you don't," the suspicious policeman replied. "You stay here." He halted the captive at the curb and himself caught the girls, questioning them as he had the man. He told them also he believed they were lying, but finally let all parties concerned go, warning them that he would be on the lookout for them. What the young man should have done was insist on the policeman taking him to headquarters, and reporting the entire affair, but that needs a good deal of courage, and also it is an

axiom that the unsupported word of a policeman can be overturned only by the most detailed corroboration of statements to the contrary.

May Be Outcome of Danger Tales

It requires no stretch of the imagination to suppose that this policeman's imagination was fired by the Record articles, and picturing to himself a city which was on the verge of losing its reputation for morality decided to do his best to prevent such a calamity. So like a detective in a melodrama he pounced upon the first man he saw that suggested vice to his distorted vision. Nor is this an isolated case. The reporters at the police station know of many like it, but they do not care to risk breaking with their source of news by making stories about them and getting the policemen into trouble. I also learn that recently a few policemen have been brought in from the "tules," as he suburban beats are known, and that several of these are a little slow in getting used to metropolitan ways. For such as these little Hugh Baillie's stuff is indeed dangerous, and should not be taken seriously. The moral in the incidents for decent folk is if a policeman insults you, you have exactly the same recourse as the policeman has if you insult him. Make him go through with his bluff—if you are innocent. If you are not, of course, my advice can be only that of the lad who had a minister ring a door-bell he himself could not reach—"Run like—"

Word from Cochran-Davies Party

Writing from Vienna under date of June 27 President George I. Cochran of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company advises me that the little party of four, consisting of Judge and Mrs. W. H. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, are having a decidedly enjoyable outing. They are traveling comfortably and leisurely in their 1914 Packard six. Many curious sights have greeted their observant eyes in their wanderings. At Budapest, for example, they passed, early one evening, a building that was being razed and noticed that the work of demolition was performed by women. Comments George Cochran, "I suppose the men are too busy playing soldiers." He adds, "They need a few reformers over here, though certainly the women can claim equality with the men and the suffragettes would have a good argument." Mr. Cochran notes that the business district of Vienna is spread over a large area and is a great improvement over our own congested district. He highly approves the movement in Los Angeles to extend the business district and to get away from the hills which he considers a most natural and sensible thing to do. Business in Los Angeles cannot be confined to one spot, he argues, adding: "The more the better and no one spot should get scared because a new one is developed. A big city has room for many business streets. It is more logical for business to turn west on Seventh than north on Broadway as it is naturally attracted by the best residence sections." Right.

Passed to His Fathers

About a year ago, I chronicled that the University of Santa Clara had conferred upon Samuel Cowan, a veteran Scottish journalist, the honorary degree of Litt. D. for his services to historical literature. Dr. Cowan has just passed away at a ripe old age. For fifty years he was proprietor of the Perthshire Advertiser, a Liberal organ of high standing. Late in his career he began to devote himself to historical studies. His first publication was a two-volume biography of Mary Queen of Scots, containing fine vignettes; she was a heroine of his. Then followed "The Ancient Capital," a history of the city of Perth; "The Lord Chancellors of Scotland," "The Royal House of Stuart," "Queen Margaret of Scotland," "The Gowrie Plot" and other studies. Although himself a good Presbyterian, he labored to do justice to his Catholic forbears, and was more than once thanked from the Vatican.

Macedonian Cry Is Heard

It appears that the Christian Science Monitor has taken cognizance of Edwin Tobias Earl's newspaper predicament, or that he has issued a plea, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." However it may be, at least Alexander Dodge, recently managing editor of the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, has appeared upon the scenes and is working in a capacity not thus far clearly defined, in the Earl offices. In certain quarters he is said to be general manager, and in others merely consulting editor. In any event Publisher Earl appears to have imported new talent. My commiserations to the talent. There are two stories current also regarding the re-

moval of J. Clem Arnold from the position of general manager of all Earl newspapers west of the Mississippi. One is that he accepted a cash "hand-out" and agreed in consideration thereof, to a cancellation of his contract. The other is that the wily Edwin showed him a clause wherein his contract was faulty, and would not stand up in a court of law, existence of which clause and its purport the publisher knew at the time the contract was made. But this is mere speculation. Suffice it that J. Clem is no longer connected with any of the Earl newspapers, and is insisting that the relations were severed in an entirely amicable manner.

Director Tandler Heard From

Writing from Salzburg Adolph Tandler, director of the Symphony Concert organization, sends greetings to his friends in Los Angeles and calls attention to the magnificent mountain scenery that environs Salzburg, a view of which appears on the reverse side of his postcard. The weather, he advises, is superb and his health excellent.

Ferbert-Seyler Harrowing Experience

Word reaches me from Tahoe that Dr. John C. Ferbert and Charley Seyler, who are journeying north, via auto, as far as Seattle whence they will sail for Alaska, had a heart-breaking experience traversing the canyon just beyond Bridgeport, in Mono county. Worst of all, when about forty miles out of Bishop they discovered they had lost their tire box containing all their inner tubes. Both the reserve casings were cut and hours were wasted in the effort to patch. Three times in one forenoon they took off the left front tire. At the fourth break they balked and telephoned to the nearest railroad point in the county—fifty-six miles away. How they reached that spot is too harrowing a tale to tell. But at Tahoe they are striving to forget their woes. The tragedy of the loss of the tire box was accentuated by reason of the fact that in it Charley Seyler had stored his pet remedy for sunburn together with a favorite edition, in Spanish, of La Fontaine's fables.

Headlines and the Public

Collier's Weekly has discovered that Los Angeles is afflicted with yellow journalism. Well, well! This discovery is made by the inspection of the headlines cut from the Los Angeles papers for five days, when the Kilfoil trial was going on. Collier's thoughtfully assembles these headlines and reproduces them in the form of a cubist picture. It will be no news to Los Angeles to learn that the following words are prominent, most of them occurring many times in the collection:

tragedy	millionaire	dead	kisses
massacre	explosion	bullets	horror
kills	fierce	fire	raided
terror	terrific	bandits	ruined
crimes	loot	victim	slander
senseless	murder	revolt	wreck
mob	thieves	blast	sick

These will serve as samples. It will be noted that the words, each of which is the key to the headline in which it occurs, express either great violence, or an extreme of one sort or another. "Kisses" for instance suggests finality of familiarity between man and woman. "Millionaire" indicates extreme wealth. Each headline must contain at least one word that hits the bullseye of the emotions. Collier's imputes this condition in Los Angeles to Hearst. I think there is no danger of my being placed in the category of defenders of the Great and (thank providence) Only, when I take issue with this. If the editor of Collier's had been besought by tearful circulation managers, as I have, pleading for headlines of this sort in order to increase street sales, and that in the days when there was no Hearst afternoon paper in Los Angeles, nor any other strong competition, he might realize the subtle cause for this sort of thing. It is only through such means as this that the great mass of people get their sensations. Read Shaw's essay, "On Going to Church." The craving for stimulant is universal, and ranges from morphia to weak tea. Yellow journalism is only one phase of this. Most people live normal and rather monotonous lives. They refuse to undermine body and mind by indulging in physical stimulants, and take to yellow journalism naturally, as a seemingly harmless substitute. Street sales of one of the Los Angeles evening papers have been known to jump 20,000 over the preceding day, simply because there was a big sensation upon which to hang a startling headline. The only question which remains is this: Is the sale of this form of stimulant a menace to society, calling for regulation similar to that surrounding the trade in liquor and drugs, its physical manifestations?

Week's News in Perspective

Man knows little here below, nor knows that little long; he reads the headlines in the morn, and eke at even-song. Each day he keeps it up, but feels no impotent regrets, that twice what he remembers is not half what he forgets.

Friday, July 10

HEREABOUTS: Mrs. O. O. Budd awarded \$15,000 damages against Mrs. Ida Alys Morgan for alienating husband's affections * * * Manager Martin of Los Angeles Investment Company charges Stockholders Association with circulating misleading circulars.

ELSEWHERE: J. H. Francis speaks of inefficiency of average teacher and powerful interests blocking progress in school systems, at N. E. A. convention * * * Editor Field of Sunset Magazine arrested for publishing photographs of Panama fortifications, taken from aeroplane, being first case of kind known * * * Appellate division of New York courts decides collection of fees by Christian Science practitioner is practice of medicine without license and illegal.

Saturday, July 11

HEREABOUTS: San Bernardino celebrates opening of trolley line to Los Angeles * * * Jury cuts one million dollars from claims of damages for opening of Broadway from Tenth to Eleventh streets, after long trial * * * Purity squad trying to find vice in Los Angeles, is bored * * * Judge Conrey suggests plan for special instead of routine grand juries.

ELSEWHERE: Ulster rebels arming in anticipation of Orangemen's Day riots * * * Huerta may resign, but doesn't * * * Los Angeles selected as meeting place for 1915 convention of National Realty convention.

Sunday, July 12

HEREABOUTS: Two veterans at Soldiers Home engage in dramatic fight over Irish Home Rule and one backs another off balcony with fatal result * * * Sacramento team wins a ball game, Los Angeles taking the remaining seven of the series, giving locals strong lead in Coast League.

ELSEWHERE: Carbajal, whoever he may be, suggested as latest possible successor to Huerta, but Huerta has not admitted necessity for a successor * * * Orangemen's Day riots in Ireland not serious * * * Associate Justice H. H. Lurton of United States Supreme court dies; W. H. Taft suggested as successor.

Monday, July 13

HEREABOUTS: Pacific Light and Power Company announces intention of spending a million dollars on new distributing lines in Southern California * * * Capt. J. D. Fredericks leaves for tour of central and northern California.

ELSEWHERE: Franklin K. Lane suggested as successor to Justice Lurton in supreme court * * * Westinhouse strike ends * * * Heat is fatal in St. Louis and the other German metropolis, Berlin; tornado in Iowa * * * Statistics show damage by militants now amounts to \$1,920,000, not counting destruction of historic relics and buildings * * * Richard Croker said to have decided to return to New York and make fight on Boss Murphy * * * Huerta is fired on twice, but still is president * * * New Haven loot is estimated at \$69,000,000.

Tuesday, July 14

HEREABOUTS: Santa Fe railway has authorized expenditure of a third of a million dollars on the Los Angeles division * * * French colony celebrates Fall of the Bastille.

ELSEWHERE: Huerta's family es-

capades from Mexico City, but dictator stays in capital * * * Los Angeles Elks at Denver capture 1915 convention * * * U. S. naval force hastens to Cuba to be ready to intervene in Haiti if necessary * * * Union Pacific cuts \$80,000,000 melon for common stockholders * * * Railways west of Chicago endeavoring to prevent strike threatened by 55,000 engineers and firemen.

Wednesday, July 15

HEREABOUTS: City tax rate to be \$1.60, same as last year * * * Because City Prosecutor McKeeby insists on secrecy concerning secret service fund, city council may cut it off.

ELSEWHERE: Senate continues opposition to President's nomination for Federal Reserve Board * * * Dictator Huerta actually resigns and disappears from Mexico City; Carbajal succeeds him, pending arrival of Villa * * * Hot winds sweep Kansas and Missouri.

Thursday, July 16

HEREABOUTS: Pacific Fruit Express car plant burned; loss \$50,000 * * * Weather committed assault and battery upon itself, trying to rain * * * School board holds stormy meeting.

ELSEWHERE: War department decides to rush more troops to Mexico; Huerta's whereabouts unknown * * * Pitched battle between sheriff's posse and I. W. W. rioters near Steubenville, Ohio.

Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

IN "Seven Keys to Baldpate," George M. Cohan again justifies his reputation for ability to provide popular fun. The play is an adaptation of the story of the same name by Earl Derr Biggers. Everything is in it that the buyer of best sellers can want. Love at first sight, melodrama, villains, adventuresses, gun-play, a ghostly hermit and a nice live girl. The scene is laid in Baldpate Inn on the top of a mountain in the middle of winter. It is midnight and a storm rages outside. In a summer hotel on such a night is not exactly the place one would choose to be, but the number of people who arrive in the few hours that are supposed to elapse during the action of the play make it seem a popular place. The caretaker and his wife are the first to appear. They have received a telegram from the owner saying that a friend will arrive about midnight and he is to be made comfortable. They build a fire and fix up a room. Then William Hallowell Magee arrives. He has made a wager with the owner of the place that he will write a novel in the space of twenty-four hours. He confesses that he cares not for the scorn of critics. He writes best sellers and he knows that game from A to Z and means to win the wager. He has come here to be undisturbed for twenty-four hours. The clock strikes twelve. The owner of Baldpate calls up from New York to verify the time. The caretaker leaves and Magee retires to his room.

At once there comes the click of his typewriter. Then things begin to happen. John Bland arrives. The novelist, disturbed by the noise, is naturally surprised for he has been assured that his key is the only one to Baldpate. Standing at the top of the stairs he overhears a surprising conversation over the telephone. Bland has put a large sum of money in the safe and is making an appointment with Lou Max to meet him there at nine the next morning to open the safe. On seeing the novelist his fighting blood is aroused and he whips out his pistol. By a ruse Magee gets

into the bedroom and later secures possession of his pistol. Almost immediately the door opens again with another key. Mary Norton and Mrs. Rhodes come in. Miss Norton describes herself as a newspaper woman who has overheard the wager and has come to Baldpate to get the story at first hand of the writing of the best seller in twenty-four hours. Mrs. Rhodes is her chaperone. She says she will make no disturbance if Magee will let her stay. She tells him that a man jumped out of the window above as she entered. The story of the money in the safe comes out. Miss Norton says it is a splendid chance for another scoop. The man who put the money there is right hand man for Thos. Haywan, millionaire president of a suburban railroad. It means the corrupt sale of a franchise, and it will be a splendid thing for the town and her paper if she can get the inside facts.

Together they go to the upper room to see if Bland is really gone, and a hermit, a ghostly person with a lantern and sheet, enters and goes at once to the safe. Knowing the combination, he opens it. As he takes the roll of money the door opens again and in comes the Mayor and his man Friday, Lou Max. They seize upon the money, but are forced by Magee to give it to him. Myra Thornhill, the blackmailer, representing herself to be the wife of the railroad president, appears and makes a pitiful plea for the money. She will give it back to her husband and save him from being sold out. She will also save the town from graft and the mayor from his wicked deal. But the reporter knows Mrs. Haydan and this woman is not she. She wants to take the money to her paper and save the town. And as she has made a personal hit with Magee she gets the cash and starts on the road to her paper.

Next comes the millionaire, John Bland, the man who escaped from the window. The hero keeps the bunch covered and tells them they have to stay at Baldpate until he gets a telephone message from Miss Norton saying she is safe in the office of her paper with the money. They can do nothing but glare at each other. The novelist suggests that they talk about something pleasant. Let everybody tell where he got his key. Bland says he will see him in a very hot place first. The Hermit says he has the original key, that all the others are imitations. The first owner of Baldpate gave his to him and there are seven in existence. They begin to quarrel, and it comes out that Bland was going to double cross the millionaire by his agreement with Max, Max was going to double cross the Mayor and Bland by his agreement with Myra Thornhill, she was going to triple cross them all by getting the money and making a get-away. Max is so infuriated by her that he gets hold of a pistol and shoots her after putting the hero into the linen room. They take her body upstairs and as the novelist bursts out, they accuse him of the crime. All the crooks stand together against him.

The sheriff appears. Magee is finding it difficult to explain. The officer goes upstairs to get the body, but the Hermit has taken it to the cellar. Magee hopes to clear himself by finding the body in the cellar but the Hermit has put it back again. The Sheriff is ready to jail the whole lot of them for making game of him when a message comes to say that Miss Norton has lost the money coming down the mountain. The sheriff learns that Mrs. Rhodes has put a package in the hotel safe. The reporter arrives about then and soon after Mrs. Rhodes. The reporter accuses her of stealing the money. She confesses that she did it to save the mayor to whom she is engaged to be married, she meant to give the money

back to its rightful owner and save everybody concerned.

The sheriff demands that the money be brought to the inn from the hotel. Learning that it is two hundred thousand dollars, he telephones his wife to go to Canada as he proposes to meet her there. And then the owner comes in. He confesses that the whole thing is a frame-up. He has hired the local stock company and they are all actors. He meant to interrupt the novelist so that he could not write the story. The novelist turns to the reporter and asks if she is real for he is in love with her and he admits that he has lost the wager. Then the curtain is lowered to be raised again immediately. The typewriter is clicking busily. In a moment the novelist comes down with his things and the completed manuscript. The clock strikes twelve. The caretaker arrives. The owner calls up from New York. And one realizes that the lurid happenings of the preceding two acts for the story that the novelist has written. He declares it will sell into the millions. The piece is admirably staged, the playing is excellent and the pace well-sustained.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, July 13, 1914.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
July 15, 1914.

Non-Coal.

022926

NOTICE is hereby given that Jerome E. Stowell, whose post-office address is 248 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 11th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 022926, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00 and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 1st day of October, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

[Sept. 19]

No. 26945

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles

In the matter of the estate of Hugh M. Cowper, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Margaret Cowper for the Probate of Will of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to Margaret Cowper, will be heard at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 27th day of July, 1914, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated July 7, 1914.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.

By H. H. DOYLE, Deputy Clerk,

JOHN BEARDSLEY,
Attorney for Petitioner,
336 Title Ins. Bldg.

3t

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

021631

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert C. Amet, whose post-office address is Box 1373, Ocean Park, California, did, on the 28th day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021631, to purchase the N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$200.00; the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Cheaters

RICHARD Walton Tully is a past master in the art of expression of sensuous coloring in stage pictures. "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise" were both creations of this sort. In "Omar, the Tentmaker" he has developed this faculty to a still higher degree. The production seen at the Majestic this week, for the first time in Los Angeles, is striking proof that poetry can be made to appeal to the crowds.

sounds of a distant violin off stage, the entire audience slips away into this land of dreams and intrigue, and the spirit of poetry is regnant.

Comparison with "Kismet" is inevitable. "Kismet" was a riot of color, the full spectrum ablaze in action; "Omar" is rather a monochrome, finding in the insistence of a dominant, hazy blue, the best means of subduing the occasional melodramatic violence of the action, and at the same time accentuating the philosophy of



Dainty Marie at the Orpheum

Were it advertised as a poetical drama, the Little Theater doubtless, would hold the audiences, so dreary are the usual plays which come under this category. But while "Omar" is distinctly a poetical drama it is being given for two weeks to accommodate the demand. This is not merely because Guy Bates Post makes poetry live, by his illuminating interpretations, but because the poetry is not confined to the lines. It includes light, color, illusion, music, and that indefinable thing about a play which is called "atmosphere." All the sensuous charm of the mysterious east is there, and from the first faint

the soul groping through a half understood world toward that other world, unknown and unknowable. For all one learns in "Omar," the sun may never have shone in Naishpur, nor midnight ever have been utterly dark; in "Kismet" the fierce light of noon beats down upon a scurrying, clamoring populace, and black deeds hide themselves in nights that are no less black. "Kismet" is philosophy interpreted in terms of action; "Omar" is philosophy which defies circumstance to uproot its calm pantheism. They lead to one goal, but their paths are different. Dramatically speaking, "Kismet" is a

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With FRANCES CAMERON, WILL H. SLOAN, WALTER LAWRENCE, and an All Star cast including a brilliant chorus

Regular Morosco Prices: Nights 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinees 25, 50, 75c

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BRENDA of the WOODS

By Richard Barry

Regular Burbank Prices: Nights 25, 50 and 75c. Matinees 25 and 50c.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER BROADWAY NEAR NINTH

Los Angeles' Leading Playhouse. Oliver Morosco, Manager

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Popular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

GUY BATES POST in

OMAR the TENTMAKER

A Spectacular Persian Romance by Richard Walton Tully, Author of "The Bird of Paradise" and "The Rose of the Rancho."

Prices: Evenings, 50c to \$2.00. Sat. Mat. 50c to \$1.50. Wed. Mat. 50c to \$1.00.

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DAINTY MARIE

She isn't what she seems to be

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A Vaudeville Cocktail

AUSTRALIAN WOODCHOPPERS

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Symphony Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Hearst-Selig News Views

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Shows---2:30, 7:10, 9:00
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His Magnificent Spectacular
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July 20—6 other new acts

MILLER'S THEATRE

A six reel feature program featuring
MARY PICKFORD
in "AS IT IS IN LIFE"

Junction Ninth Spring
and Main Street

story told in pictures and color; "Omar" a poem written in corresponding terms.

Guy Bates Post is no mere titular star. His reading of the many quatrains that are used from time to time, alone stamps him as a man of unusual intellectual attainments. Omar to him is no mere pessimist. He is an ideal agnostic, considerable of a pantheist, but always altruistic, and with a keen sense of humor. Many versions of the Rubaiyat have been drawn upon in the construction of the play, and so deftly are the quotations woven into the action that the verses become an actual part of the story. For example, the quatrain containing the words, "Jesus from the ground supires," is used in an incident where Omar gives shelter to a Christian youth, and explains his action by recalling the fact that he had previously given utterance to these words, in showing his appreciation of the philosophy of the contemporary prophet. Those who love their Omar will find in Mr. Post's reading an exquisite joy, while those who are not so familiar with the Persian could not be more auspiciously introduced.

The production is superb. The two illusions, one to interpret the passage, "I sent my soul through the invisible," and the other for the philosophy of the potter's vessels, are unique and inspiring. The stage pictures are the finest products of the scenic artist, in line, arrangement, and color. The company is adequate—not more. The incidental music is largely the work of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughrey, and is in perfect accord with the spirit of the play. No brass drums or woodwinds are employed, which is a great relief to tortured tympani. Perfection is a term one hesitates to employ, yet in connection with this production it seems no overstatement.

R. B.

Barry's "Brenda" at the Burbank

Richard Barry's "Brenda of the Woods" is a lovable creation, individually, and the Burbank audiences are greatly enjoying Florence Martin's excellent portrayal of the "artist of the leaves." But O, the plot! With a few variants it might easily be Edward Sheldon's in "The High Road." Instead of a New England rustic beauty, born with a soul and an instinct for artistic expression, Brenda is an untrained, unlearned, little mountain girl of Virginia, like Sheldon's Mary Page, motherless, and with yearnings far transcending her sordid home environment. Comes a rich young man a-hunting, also like Sheldon's Alan Wilson, only he was the artist, and John Olin like Alan carries off the wild young rose and transplants her in a Paris hot house—Mary Page was taken to New York. Both unsophisticated young women cut their eyeteeth and pursue their education upward under the protection of their putative husbands—which is polite fiction.

Sheldon's Mary Page leaves her beautiful home when she finds she no longer loves the man who foots the bills and Brenda does likewise when she learns that John Olin has a wife. Mary reaches fame through her leadership in factory reforms and eventually marries the governor, who does not balk when Mary reveals her past. Brenda's success is achieved through her paintings and the dilettante art-connoisseur, Grey Langham, is equally steadfast when he, too, is told of Brenda's lapse from the conventions. So much for comparisons. Barry's Brenda accomplishes wonders in three years from the time she leaves her mountain home enveloped in a shawl, but barefooted and naked as to education. Not only does she achieve success with her brush, but also with her grammar, although there are painful hiatuses. In the end she refuses Langham's offer of mar-

riage, and her lover having been relieved of his matrimonial yoke she turns to his arms for legalized happiness.

Mr. Barry's effort is a marked advance on his earlier dramatic production, "The Searchlight," which had its premier in this city six years ago and died the death. The plot, as we have shown, is trite, but the principal characters are well delineated, the heroine consistently depicted and the atmosphere artistic, if not strictly au fait for the Misses Boffins' consideration. But the action is altogether too slow. Each scene is unnecessarily prolonged, the dialogue is wanting in briskness and endless repetitions of assertions occur, particularly in the second act. The audience sees the inevitable separation of the lovers long before the break comes, but the climax is delayed by long speeches that lose effectiveness by reason of their diffusiveness. Nor is the dialogue as sparkling as one might reasonably expect from Mr. Barry's pen. It is commonplace rather than scintillant, hence disappointing. But Mr. Barry has evolved a play in "Brenda of the Woods" full of attractive possibilities. If he would inject more brilliancy into the slangy discursiveness of Anson Crane that character would be a capital foil to the serious Brenda; as it is she is merely extreme without being sparkling.

Florence Martin plays with fine reserve force the character of Brenda Carroll and invests the part with much charm and no little native dignity. Forrest Stanley's John Olin is a trifle didactic for a lover, but the ten years of married life doubtless was a bit depressing. It is open to question if a girl so deceived as Brenda could continue to cherish affection for her betrayer so consistently. Walter Catlett does a capital bit of work in Percy Witherspoon and the mammy of Florence Oberle is highly creditable. Other characters are well sustained, particularly the Susan Crane of Winifred Bryson. Mr. Collette is deserving of congratulations for the artistic scenery and decorative settings so liberally provided.

S. T. C.

Excellent Bill at Orpheum

So evenly excellent is the bill at the Orpheum this week that it is difficult to say, off hand, which act is worthy of precedence. In point of novelty Rellon, termed "the mentaphone artist," is, perhaps, entitled to first consideration. This odd genius evolves music by a rhythmical beating of the palms of his hands before his mouth whose deep breathing is caught, as it were, between the concaved digits. It is a curiously ingenious performance. Tameo Kajiyama, a holdover, continues to astonish his audiences by the cleverness of his caligraphic exhibition. His ambidextrous writing is no whit more marvellous than his ambidextrous mind and, working in unison, a wondrous spectacle is afforded. Educated simians have been seen before, but the achievements of Romeo the Great, the undersized chimpanzee, trained by M. Alfred Dowiskey, are almost uncanny in their human qualities. Romeo eats, smokes and drinks with the sang froid of a Christian gentleman and his trick bicycle riding is astonishingly good. Laddie Cliff, of English concert hall fame, is welcomed back and his comedy songs and clever dancing are highly appreciated. Other favorites are the Australian woodchoppers whose feats with the axe cause one to gasp. It is a great display of muscle and dexterity they give. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin dance and sing to the huge satisfaction of their admirers. Miss Willette Whitaker's deep contralto is employed in interpreting more dainty folk songs, ably assisted by F. Wilbur Hill, and McMahon, Diamond and Clemence make sport in their "scare crow" scene. The spe-

cial concert is high-class and the Hearst-Selig views fair—the Hearst venom as to the Wilson administration still obtruding.

Hilarity at Pantages

One of the most hilarious acts ever seen at Pantages is "Fun in a Music Store," offered this week by Kumry, Boesch and Robinson. It is unfortunate that vaudeville acts bill themselves with such a fine disregard for detail. One never knows to which name to attach the credit for the good work. So in speaking of this act the star must be described simply as the Thin One, which will place him sufficiently for those who saw, because he is about the most emaciated human being ever seen on the stage. There is nothing thin about his fun however, for it is broad and pervading. He is superbly reckless of what happens to his attenuated legs, and flings them around until one fears the loose joints will come apart, and one of the limbs go sailing out into the audience. But no disaster occurs, excepting to waistcoats too tightly buttoned, and it is well to leave much room for laughter when watching his antics. The spectacle of the week is called "A Night in the Slums of Paris," which is a pantomime devised for the purpose of introducing apache dances and similar revels. Minni Amato is the star of the performance, and her lithe grace is almost hypnotic. Even her least considered walk across the stage is rhythmical. She is ably aided by a large company of men and women who enact a brisk little drama without words. One remarkable thing about the piece is that there is in it nothing of the repulsiveness usually considered inseparable from apache dancing. Bob Albright, the robust singer, is back again, popular as ever. Devitt & Devitt in acrobatic fun, George Wilson of "Waltz Me Again" fame, and Romano & Carmi with harp and songs, complete the bill.

Pictures That Do Not Flicker

There are many people who do not go to moving picture shows because their eyes are too weak to stand the strain caused by the inevitable flicker resulting from the rapid transition of pictures. Yet this flicker can be removed almost entirely, although there is only one theater in Los Angeles, of all the hundreds of moving picture houses, which has gone to the expense of doing so. This is Miller's Theater, where there is a plate glass mirror screen. Instead of the pictures being thrown upon a white canvas, they are projected upon a huge mirror. This not only gives them a depth which cannot be obtained from canvas, but this same depth results in an absorption of a great deal of the light vibrations usually flung back into the eyes of the spectators by the glaring white of the canvas screens. This mirror was brought from a factory in Indiana on a single flat car, and the difficulty and risk of installation may be imagined from the fact that, when it had reached the railway yards here, the theater was unable to obtain insurance protecting it in the delivery in the city. The investment has proved profitable, however, and devotees of the movies who fear the ocular malady sometimes known as "nickelodeon eye" find the solution of the problem at Miller's.

Drama League Play Evening

At Cumnock Hall Friday evening, July 24, at 8:15 the two one-act plays which were awarded the honors in the recent contest, will be produced, and the two which received honorable mention will be read. The program will begin with the reading of Gilbert Edward Murdoch's "Antediluvia" by Miss Caroline Ferris. Then will come "When a Woman Is Poor," by Mrs. Pauline B. Barrington, with the following cast: Jim

Post, Garrett Winne; Bee, his wife, Miss Adelaide B. Cannon; Harry Cornelius, Jim's friend, Cecil Irish; Mary, Harry's wife, Miss Marjorie Thompson; Bridget, a maid, Miss Margaret Pendill; scene, dining room of the Post home. Miss Maude Howell will read Marshall Illsley's sketch, "The Vestibule" in the intermission, and the evening will close with the first prize play, "Storm," by Miss Florence Willard, with this cast: Jim Wyman, Victor Rottman; Maggie, his wife, Miss Helen Eddy; Bill Harvey, Andrew J. Campbell; Mr. Ringe, Clyde McCoy; scene, interior of a fisherman's cottage on the Farallones. The productions are being staged by members of the Playgoers' Society under the direction of Miss Willamene Wilkes. This will be the regular monthly meeting of the Drama League, but owing to the expense of the productions a small admission fee will be charged.

Hot Weather Orpheum Bill

Typical hot weather vaudeville is what the Orpheum is offering for the week opening Monday matinee, July 20, a show without a serious minute.

(Continued on Page 15)

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

019918. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Laura Gertrude Kincaid, whose post-office address is R. F. D. No. 4, Box 579, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019918, to purchase the NW¼, SW¼, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
June 19, 1914.

Non-coal. 021188
NOTICE is hereby given that Harry Aaron Scott, whose post-office address is 323 E. 5th Street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 11th day of December, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021188, to purchase the SW¼, NE¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 8th day of September, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 11:00 A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.
[Aug. 30] FRANK BUREN, Register.

Social & Personal

Of particular interest to society folk was the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Dorothy Beatrice Bond and Mr. Orville Rey Rule, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Bond, 332 St. Andrews place. Relatives and only a few of the most intimate friends, numbering about sixty, were present at the nuptials. The bride was attired in a gown of white satin and chiffon and her long tulle veil was arranged into a Juliet cap and held with a spray of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white roses. Miss Gladys Bond, who attended her sister as maid of honor, wore a gown of pink taffeta and lace and carried a shower bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses and forget-me-nots. Dr. Archie C. Macleish served as best man and Master Kenneth Rule, nephew of the bridegroom, was the little flower boy. Following the service, a wedding supper was served. The bride's table was artistically decorated with bride's roses and lilies of the valley combined pleasure and business trip of five or six weeks. They will visit the British isles, France and other points of especial interest. The bride, who has many friends in this city is a granddaughter of Mr. O. S. Bond, a prominent banker of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Rule, who is associated with the Robert Marsh Company as manager of the insurance department, is a son of Mrs. Ferd K. Rule and is of a family that has been prominently identified in the social life of Los Angeles. Upon their return from their trip abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Rule will take possession of their new home at 214 Normandie avenue.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the big garden fete and fiesta which is to be given Tuesday afternoon and evening in the spacious gardens of the Stephen W. Dorsey residence, corner Figueroa and West Adams street for the benefit of the Coleman House Settlement association. Miss Willie Kerns, general chairman, is in charge of the program which is to be replete with unique and entertaining features. There will be a baby show under the direction of Mrs. Titian Coffey and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine. Fortune telling will be in charge of Mrs. Fred B. Kuck and Miss Louise Wharton. The flower booths will be in charge of Mrs. Henry Clay King and Mrs. Walter V. Pomeroy, while Mrs. Allison Barlow will be chairman of the refreshment committee. Clowns, a glee club, dancing cards, a blind auction and various other features will be provided for the entertainment of the visitors.

Judge and Mrs. Kemp Kerner of St. Louis are guests for the summer of Mrs. Kerner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison of 1210 West Twenty-seventh street. At present the party is enjoying an outing at the beach, occupying the Harrison cottage at 17 Nautilus avenue, Venice.

Invitations, handsomely embossed in gold, have been issued by the management of Hotel Coronado for a calico costume ball to be given at the hotel Saturday evening, August 1 for the benefit of the Army Relief Society. The affair will be one of the most brilliant social events of the season and will be largely attended by prominent Los Angeles society folk, many of whom are passing the summer at Coronado, and a number of whom

will motor down especially for the event. Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of this city will be among the patronesses, the list including the President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and many others who are of national prominence in army circles.

With the approach of the summer weather a number of prominent Los Angelans are leaving for a vacation trip to Alaska. Among those who are making the northern journey are Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Desmond of 1727 Sycamore avenue, Hollywood. They are accompanied by their daughter and son, Miss Lucy and Frank Desmond. The party left this week on the Steamer Governor for Seattle, whence they will sail on the Prince Rupert for Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Stewart and Gamby Bay. Among others who already have sailed for Alaska are Mr. J. E. Carr, Mr. Kenneth Carr, Miss Bernice Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntsberger, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Vaughn, Mrs. J. T. McArthur and Miss Viola McArthur.

In the presence of about thirty friends and relatives, Miss Eleanor Foshay, daughter of Mrs. James Foshay of 1023 West Sixth street, was married Wednesday afternoon to Mr. Samuel H. Scherfee, formerly of Tennessee. The home was attractively decorated for the wedding, quantities of Shasta daisies, hollyhocks and ferns being used, while the bride's table in the dining room was daintily arranged in sweetpeas and ferns. The bride wore a gown of cream embroidered Philippine cloth, trimmed with seed pearls and carried an old-fashioned bouquet of lilies of the valley and bride's roses. Following an informal reception Mr. Scherfee and his bride left for a northern trip including San Francisco and the Yosemite. Upon their return they will make their home with the bride's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Barmore of 1027 South Burlington avenue, are occupying their cottage at Long Beach for the summer. With them are their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Jr.

Mrs. William Averell Harris of New York City has come to Los Angeles for a visit of several months. She will divide her time between her mother, Mrs. Henry W. Chase of 4607 Wilton place, and her sister, Mrs. Arthur Ernest Bangs of 545 South Oxford avenue.

Mrs. E. A. Featherstone of West Twenty-seventh street has as her house guests for the summer, her sister, Mrs. Herbert W. Allen and little son, Robinson Allen of Chicago.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street has returned from a visit of several weeks in the north, where she was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will leave in August for a month's outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Melville Hudson and her daughters, the Misses Adah and Bendersa Hudson of Berkeley square, entertained informally at their home Thursday evening with a dinner party.

Mrs. William H. Toaz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Herron, who has been visiting here since last December, will leave soon to join her husband, Lieutenant Toaz in New York. Mrs. Toaz, as Miss Edith Herron, was a popular debutante prior to her



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marriage and her many friends here will regret her departure from their midst.

Several friends of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff of West Adams street were entertained by them at a delightful week-end party at their summer home in the San Antonio canyon. The party motored out to the rustic retreat Friday and remained over until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Haskins and their two children of Orchard avenue have gone to Hermosa beach for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson with her two children will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. William Winter at Redlands, through July.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith of 161 South Hoover street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Smith to Mr. Howard Crosby Boone. The wedding date has not yet been set.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Goddard of 3006 Wilshire boulevard, who have been experiencing apartment life for a number of months, have returned again to their attractive home.

Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill left recently to join her daughters, Mrs. David H. McCartney and Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, who are occupying her summer cottage at La Jolla. Mrs. Churchill's son, Mr. Owen Churchill Jr., also is at La Jolla.

Mrs. Ozro W. Childs and daughter, Miss Emmeline Childs, who are at Montecito for a part of the summer, have as their guest, Mrs. Fritz Nave of this city. Mrs. Nave was formerly Miss Clara Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Huntsberger, who were married here recently, have concluded a visit to the Yellowstone and are now en route to Alaska. Mrs.

Huntsberger was formerly Miss Aileen Staub, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Staub.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall have returned from a motoring trip which they made recently with a party of friends to their ranch home near Chino.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler and her two attractive young sons, Masters Dan and Tommy Chandler, have been enjoying an outing at Idyllwild, where Mrs. Chandler's aunt, Mrs. William Miller Friesner of South Figueroa street, has a cozy cottage. They go to Redondo Beach for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson are having a delightful sojourn in Seattle, where much of their time is being passed with relatives.

Mrs. Estelle Johnson Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Johnson of 2241 Hobart boulevard, is entertaining Miss Agnes Golden of Washington. Miss Golden will remain until September and while here will be the recipient of much informal entertaining.

With a party of congenial friends, Miss Willie McClelland, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Peter McClelland of Burlington avenue, is enjoying a pleasant sojourn at Redlands. Later Miss McClelland probably will go to Del Mar for a short outing.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Holabird and their three children have left for Lake Tahoe, where they will enjoy a month's outing. They plan to return to Los Angeles by way of the San Joaquin valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena of West Adams street, with their three daughters, the Misses Inez, Beatrice and Marguerite Orena, have closed their

(Continued on Page 13)

Why English Suffragists Are Militant

By ELEANOR MADDOCK

GRIM old London has never lacked for sensations, at one time stricken by plague, at another a terrible fire nearly swept it into oblivion, while the lopping off of heads occurred so frequently as to cease to be a novelty, down to the Victorian and "antimacassar" days, all of which have become more or less time honored and overgrown with the ivy-green; even old Mother Shipton who left nothing more to be said when she prophesied that:

Carriages without horses shall run
And the world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

would no doubt have been stricken dumb for lack of words to rhyme with bombs that are being hurled at the sacred coronation chair, to say nothing of chipping little bits off the ancient king's chair of stone. It is noticeable that certain members of the cabinet are acquiring a hunted look, drawing their silk hats well down over their heads, and cycling suspiciously every woman—ugly or otherwise—whom they meet. What will happen next nobody knows; at any moment a suffragette may scale the great tower of the houses of parliament, and scratch the solemn face of the old clock, or cut the tongue from the throat of Big Ben just as he is about to boom the hour of high noon.

These are wild doings for England, where for generations the first lesson for woman has been a proper respect for MAN; but the worm has turned at last, and now the theme of conversation is mostly the latest episode of vandalism, and everywhere over the entrance to the museums, art galleries, etc., appears the legend, "closed until further notice."

That dignified personage, Sir John Dickinson, the chief magistrate at Bow Street, knows exactly how to deal with drunken and disorderly women, but is brought almost to verge of collapse when obliged to catch in mid-air a shoe, aimed at his magisterial head, followed by a woman's clear cut voice, which carried the length of the large hall: "You man! You rusty tool of a corrupt government. I refuse to be tried by you. Open the windows. The room is as stuffy as your mind, you miserable man."

In a recent number of the London Weekly Times, a well-known woman is credited with the following statement. "The only people who have any dignity in this country are the women. The royal name and the royal office (the government) are disgraced and dishonored." Of course, this is disgusting and very shocking, as is the burning of buildings, throwing of stones, the mutilating of rare paintings, such as the cutting of a Y-shaped hole in a portrait of His Majesty King George V., the destruction of the latter being a cause of real grief to the nation, as well as depriving the American tourists of the pleasure of gazing upon those calm unruffled features.

American women have never found it necessary to adopt such tactics, but, who does not recall the ridicule and criticism heaped upon "Our Susan" B. Anthony, her sentiments, plain face and unfashionable clothes? England in those days derived great amusement from reading the doings of those "extraordinary American women"; but the "cranks of the present are ever the sages of the future," and no sincere effort is quite in vain. Still, one of the strong arguments against the suffragettes is, that they are not fit to have the vote for their methods are all wrong,—which is partly true,—yet, they are sacrificing

their lives in the strain for a cause, backed by women of title and position, who were not only instrumental in starting the movement, but are now coming to the front and declaring themselves.

The Englishman's shell is a hard one, requiring repeated blows to crack it; the noise, meantime, attracts attention, which softly modulated voices and carefully worded petitions failed to do. The militant individuals themselves understand perfectly the part they are playing, and never expect to vote, any more than "Tommy Atkins" the common soldier, looks for a seat in the house of lords when he wins a battle for the nation, battles in which he has managed to effect a considerable amount of useless damage to valuable property; however, it was considered that "the end justified the means."

It is noticeable that in the past wherever the British flag has rested better conditions, on the whole, have resulted, but every nation must look to its laurels if it is to stand the test of progress. It is also noticeable that reforms are adopted with great difficulty by the English people, due to a feeling of self-satisfaction and innate power; they are by nature a fighting race and have stood for centuries as the conquering nation; now, they seem to forget that it is this same racial instinct and fighting blood surging through their veins and inciting the mothers, wives and daughters of their most honored soldiers, to fight, because they must, for privileges which they have every right to demand.

These are some of the present effects of a cause set in motion in the "antimacassar" days, when "votes for women" was but a speck upon the foggy horizon, and when there was no hint of militancy. The small body of women who started the movement a little less than fifty years ago, struggled year by year to obtain at least a hearing of their aims and objects—which was not to meddle with affairs of state, but simply better to regulate minor laws in order to alleviate the misery of the women and children in the London slums—only to be laughed to scorn. There are a few women courageous enough to have started the subject with their husbands, who promptly took up a commanding position on the hearth rug in front of the grate, hands in pockets, legs apart—they invariably do this—with the remark, "Really, my dear, how extraordinary! Where did you get that idea?" It is not so much the actual words as the look, tone, etc., which accompany them, and which further implies that church bazars, missionary sales, teas, the management of the servants, and last, but by no means least, the devotion to the comfort and whims of their lords and masters are quite sufficient to occupy the lives of all decently constituted women, and this nonsense about "equal rights" is not to be considered for a moment.

Owing to the devastation of war the female population greatly outnumbers the male, a large percentage being widows holding, in many cases, large property interests. One has only to enter the slums of London to realize that here women should be free lances, not only to relieve the suffering, as they are and always have been doing, but, leaving all other matters aside, if they could be given a voice in the laws pertaining to their own sex, how long would the pernicious and almost primal custom prevail of the women, from the respectable working class down to the dirty bleary-eyed "moll" with an infant at their

breast, and two, three, or more children about their skirts, standing outside the grogshops, waiting for beer to be handed out to them. The mother takes a sip, giving a sup to each of the children in turn, not omitting the baby; then, there is more beer, if she has the money, and generally one or more of the children can find the way home if she cannot. It is no uncommon sight, either, to see intoxicated women on the streets, for they stand at the crowded bars and drink the same as the men. Then there is the old charwoman, going to her work in the cold grey of early morning, probably on an empty stomach, but who must have her "three penn'oth of gin 'ot"; she is usually well on in years and probably nothing could be done for her class, except to improve her general appearance, and to insist upon her taking food instead of gin.

Even the most casual observer readily sees how the children are most affected by these conditions which cannot fail to influence the physical and moral tone. That the physical standard of the army has already deteriorated in recent years is amply proved by a survey of the troops at Aldershot, for while their splendid training, smart uniforms and well-groomed appearance, lend dignity to the whole, yet, the little cockney is painfully in evidence with his narrow chest, small head, ill-shaped features, and, with hardly one exception, bad teeth. He is essentially a product of the London slums, and what the next generation of his type will produce, under present conditions, is not encouraging.

Queen Victoria had no more sympathy with women's rights, than she had for divorced women, who were barred from the court, thus dismissing them completely from the cosmic scheme; she, herself was blessed with an ideal marriage, and, naturally, could never understand why people should want to be divorced, any more than because she, possessing a plump neck and shoulders, decreed that all women must appear at court in extremely decolette gowns, never realizing that for nearly half a century they had stood shivering in draughty anterooms, some of the older ones with never a scrape of lace even, to cover their poor skinny shoulders.

There seems to have been a curious shifting of personalities, for King George and his royal consort would appear to far better advantage—or otherwise—back in the Victorian era, while Edward, the Peacemaker, and the beautiful and gracious Alexandria, are sadly needed at a time when young women shriek at the king during a court function, sentiments not worthy his august hearing; and still more when a common soldier by mistake arrests the royal princess, and hustles her off to the guardhouse by one arm, advising her highness to "shut up and not talk bally rot."

Times are strenuous. As a consequence of both these episodes her Majesty Queen Mary was obliged to change her expression by losing her temper! There is rumor that their majesties are to visit this country, possibly, to obtain a temporary "surcease from troubling." If so, what an irony of fate.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 19, 1914.

023101. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Stepanek, whose post-office address is 1812 E. 64th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 25th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023101, to purchase the NW¼ NW¼, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of July, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

020719. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Walter Lundley Kinsaid, whose post-office address is Sierra Madre, California, did, on the 27th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020719, to purchase the E¼ NW¼, SW¼ NE¼, NW¼ SE¼, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Last season was not one of continuous joy to the purveyor of musical attractions. Not since the "tight" times of 1907-8 has the attendance on musical affairs been so light. Many attractions were played at a loss. Even the best of them all, the Chicago opera company, reported a loss at nearly all points in the west, totaling about \$60,000. In spite of this fact, our local impresario looks forward with hopes of better conditions next season, and already has arranged his lists of attractions. Undeterred by losses on the Chicago opera company and other artistic attractions he counts on a different financial atmosphere next fall and consequent improvement in the patronage of musical affairs. This is reflected by the announcements of Manager Behymer, with a preface that he has secured the auditorium of the new Trinity building at Ninth and Grand for his concerts; now that Temple Auditorium has been captured by the "movies." The latter part of the next season, the San Francisco exposition being open, there will be a number of choruses and orchestras available, which Mr. Behymer proposes to give the Los Angeles public an opportunity to hear.

Three Philharmonic courses of concerts will be presented by him, as last year. He has an especially strong attraction with which to open the season, Olive Fremstad singing the first recital in October. This will be the first chance Los Angeles has had to hear her since her memorable appearance in "Parsifal" here, with the Metropolitan company. November and December bring several attractions of note, Rudolf Ganz, the Swiss pianist, Tina Lerner, pianist, who makes her first appearance here, and John McCormack, who was the best drawing card of last season, giving three recitals to large houses in Los Angeles. Opening what is expected to be the biggest musical year the Pacific coast has seen, Mr. Behymer announces Elfram Zimbalist for January, 1915. He rivals Elman in popularity here. Leo Slezak also will be a newcomer and will prove a strong drawing card for the Behymer course. In February Alma Gluck will make her first bow in Los Angeles and the favorite pianist, Josef Lhevinne, will make his third visit. Later come Arrigo Serrato, claimed as Italy's greatest violinist, Alice Verlet, of the Paris grand opera, Maggie Teyte and Julie Culp, all four of these being new to the Los Angeles public.

Charles Wakefield Cadman has made himself a social and musical favorite in Los Angeles in past seasons and Behymer has made a point of securing him and the Indian singer, Princess Redfeather, for a recital. One of the ensemble attractions is the George Barrere ensemble of wind instruments, which will be a welcome novelty. Thus it will be seen that there is much new talent to visit the coast next season, artists of the highest grade, and nearly all of them under the energetic Behymer management.

Mary Garden may look a little closer to the keeping of her engagements in the future, as the result of

a suit brought against her by the Woman's Musical Club of Columbus, Ohio. Last winter, the singer neglected to appear in concert for this club as contracted and suit was brought by it for \$1,000 damages. Rather than undergo the publicity of suit and the consequent unpleasant advertising, Miss Garden compromised for \$800.

Miss Marie Elliott, who in former years gave explanatory talks on the programs of the local symphony orchestra, is visiting in Europe and recently, at the home of friends in Florence, Italy, gave illustrated lectures on Brahms and other composers. She even announces that she will invade Beyreuth and lecture there—which seems a bit like purveying the proverbial fuel supply in Newcastle.

If the craze for moving pictures abates sufficiently to permit Temple Auditorium to be used for opera next season, there bids fair to be at least two short seasons and possibly a third, for Los Angeles. Much may be anticipated from the engagement of the French opera company, of New Orleans for a two weeks' hearing and possibly the local endeavor to form an Italian company may produce excellent results. Carlo Marchetti reports the engagement of several soloists for his National Grand Opera company.

San Francisco will be the magnet to draw musical and theatrical productions to the coast, to entertain the many thousands visiting the exposition. At least two opera companies are promised to Los Angeles for next year and probably other managers will visit San Francisco and incidentally have a try at Los Angeles audiences.

Many Los Angeles teachers and musical artists were in attendance at the meeting of the Music Teachers' State Association at San Diego this week. The session opened with a reception at the Grant hotel and most of the programs following were given there. About half of the music was contributed by Los Angeles artists, among them being Estelle Heardt Dreyfus, Bessie Fuhrer, Mercedes Ciesielska, J. de Zielinski, W. H. Lott, Vernon Spencer, Anthony Carlson, Gertrude Ross, Ralph Wylie, Ramona Wylie, Grace W. Mabee, Jennie Winston, Fannie Dillon, Theodor Gordoyn, Ernest Douglas, Mrs. Emma Makinson, Richard Schliewen, and W. H. Mead. It will be seen from the talent here mentioned Los Angeles put her best foot forward at this convention.

Leila Holterhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, of Los Angeles, has been heard in several successful engagements in the east lately, after her recent return from Europe. This remarkable young woman is one of those who almost make us envy the blind. Her mother directed her early education, which was along lines quite apart from those usually followed in instructing the blind. The result is a well rounded, advanced general education, in which there figure an easy mastery of five languages, which she speaks fluently, and the possession of a State diploma

conferred in Germany, as teacher of Latin. In Miss Holterhoff's musical education two American teachers figured prominently, Edgar Stillman Kelley, in theory and composition, and Cortland J. Cooper, to whom Miss Holterhoff gives the credit for her later vocal development. In earlier years she worked with Vannucini in Florence and Frau. Her plans for 1914-1915 include a European concert tour of considerable extent, a number of engagements as lecturer on the Wagner music dramas in London and elsewhere, with the intervening time given over to her pupils in Berlin.

Woman's Lyric Club held its annual business meeting last Tuesday at Symphony Hall. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Henry P. Flint; vice-president, Mrs. John W. Thayer; secretary, Mrs. W. R. Tamner; financial secretary, Mrs. George Sloan; treasurer, Mrs. J. R. Mathews; librarian, Mrs. Frank Collier; assistant librarian, Mrs. Carl Johnson; directors, Mmes. Wm. H. Jamison, J. W. Eccleston, J. I. Moyse and Ella B. Hanna; musical director, J. B. Poulin; accompanist, Mrs. M. Hennion Robinson; music committee, Isabelle Isgrig, Mrs. Eleanor B. Smith and Kie Julie Christin; voice committee, Mrs. George McIntyre, Mrs. C. A. Post and Miss Maude Carolyn Gilbert; printing committee, Mrs. L. J. Stabler, Mrs. W. R. McCann and Jessie M. Atwood.

Concert-goers will remember a soprano who has been heard on various occasions in Los Angeles, with the symphony orchestra and other musical organizations—Miss Lily Dorn. She was dated in many concert engagements in the west by Mr. Behymer. Musical America has the following to say concerning her wedding to Alfred Hertz, who will be remembered as conducting "Parsifal" and other performances of German opera here, with the Metropolitan company. "So Alfred Hertz, the German conductor at the Metropolitan, is a benedict! He has married Miss Lily Dorn, a young Viennese concert singer. If I remember rightly I heard her in this country at one of the entertainments of the Pleiades, the leading Bohemian organization in this city. She was a tall young woman, with a nice voice and a most engaging and delightful manner. She had the real Viennese charm. But why, oh why, do the newspapers print the picture of the lady and head the announcement. 'The opera leader's romance surprises his friends here?' Why should it be surprising that an opera conductor gets married?"

Productions at Cumnock's

Drama Leaguers and all other students of modern dramatic tendencies will find much to interest them in the announcement by the Cumnock School of Expression that three mid-summer productions will be made at the school in the near future. These will all be under the direction of Miss Willamene Wilkes of the Cumnock faculty. Friday evening, July 31, the Playgoers Society will produce John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan," with the following cast: Jenny, Mrs. Alfred Whitney Allen; Mrs. Pargetter, Miss Miriam Woodward; Mr. Pargetter, Victor Rottman; Gaffer Pierce, Max Pollock; Peggy, Harriet Candee; Maggie, Ramona Bower; Dick Gurvil, Cecil Irish; Nan, Miss Ellen Galpin; Artie, Mr. Candee; Captain Dixon, Clyde McCoy; Mr. Drew, Howard Mosher. To balance the gloomy effect of "Nan" the same evening's program will contain a rousing comedy by A. M. Monkhouse, "Nothing Like Leather." August 7 a production of Rudolf Besier's play, "Don," will be made; and Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette" is to be given August 14 by the advanced drama class of the Summer Session.

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Register Buren's Admirable Record

Frank Buren, the capable United States land office judge, 1909-1914, was born in Princeton, Missouri, December 26, 1875, educated in the public schools of Missouri and California, and studied law in the University of Southern California law college; he was admitted to the bar June 15, 1904, and has lived in California 20 years. He was secretary to United States Senator Frank P. Flint for five years and in that time acted as clerk of the senate committees on interoceanic canals and United States geological survey. In the sessions of congress he took an active part with the senator in the making of laws, and, in vacation sessions, was connected with the senator's law firm in Los Angeles. December 15, 1909, without any solicitation upon his part, and solely as a recognition of his services, Buren was appointed register of the United States land office in Los Angeles and



Frank Buren

has served about seven months beyond the term for which he was appointed, one year and four months of which has been under Democratic administration. Although there were several candidates in the field for the position, it was not until Buren voluntarily tendered his resignation in order to become a candidate for judge of the superior court, that any effort was made by the present administration to select his successor.

During the term of office of Register Buren, the United States land office has gained the reputation of being one of the most efficiently conducted of all the land offices in the United States, and a large proportion of the people having business with the office regardless of their politics, creed or business, are enthusiastically supporting Buren in his candidacy for superior court judge. The duties of the register of the land office are largely judicial in character. In the four years and a half that Mr. Buren has had charge of the office, more than 1500 contest cases have been disposed of and of this number only a little more than 5% of his decisions have been reversed or modified on appeal. The average of these cases compares favorably with the average superior court case. Several have been decided which involved property running into millions of dollars and the property values represented by these cases will aggregate more than \$20,000,000.

Mr. Buren has always been a Republican in politics but, since the present law places the judiciary on a

non-partisan basis, he is making a strictly non-partisan campaign. July 11 he filed his nominating petitions containing 1375 names and he has several hundred more names in his office which he did not consider it necessary to turn in. As evidence of the manner in which his friends are supporting him, attention is called to the fact that it was not necessary to hire any deputies to obtain these signatures, the petitions having been voluntarily circulated by friends and relatives. Buren's name will appear on all the tickets. There are ten judges to be elected and every person who believes in a non-partisan, independent judiciary and would desire a full opportunity to present his own case, in the event he should have one before the superior court, and then have it decided upon its merits, should at least include Buren in the list of ten which he may select as his judicial candidates.

Eastern Stage Gossip

Recently it was stated in The Graphic that the political and social intrigues of George Randolph Chester's "Cordelia Blossom" would make a good satire. The Graphic has been taken at its word. The new season at the New York Gaiety will open August 31, when Klaw & Erlanger and Joseph Brooks will present "Cordelia Blossom," a comedy in four acts.

Mary Ryan has been engaged to create the principal feminine role in "The House of Glass," a comedy by Max Marcin, which is to be produced by Cohan and Harris late in September.

Pleasant news is that, indeed, from London to the effect that Julia Marlowe is on the road to complete recovery. That there is no doubt of her improved condition may be deduced from the fact that she is planning to appear upon the stage again for one or more performances next month. Immediately after the close of his tour E. H. Sothern joined her. Together they leased an estate about ten miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, near the home of Mary Anderson Navarro. Miss Marlowe's health began to improve rapidly, and last week she notified the committee in charge that she would participate in the Shakespearean festival to be given at Stratford in August.

Of Social Interest

(Continued from Page 10)

West Adams street home and gone to their ranch at Los Alamos, Santa Barbara county. The young women will pass a part of the summer with their grandmother, Dona Maria Orena in Santa Barbara.

Miss Lucy Clark of 9 St. James park was hostess Monday evening at a prettily appointed dinner party at Hotel Clark, followed by a party at the Majestic theater. The affair was given in compliment to Miss Gwendolin Laughlin, Mrs. William Davis Barnard and Lieutenant and Mrs. John Hastings Howard. Others who enjoyed Miss Clark's hospitality included Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Barnard, Mr. G. C. Munoz, Mr. E. R. Jones and Mr. H. C. Nutt.

Miss Laughlin and Mrs. Barnard, who is her house guest, with Miss Ella West, plan to leave next week for an extended tour of New Zealand and Australia. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway of Menlo avenue gave a theater party and tea in honor of Mrs. Barnard. A dozen guests were entertained and following the theater party at the Orpheum the guests were entertained at a tea at the Copper Kettle.

Miss Dorothy Lindley and her brother, Francis Haynes Lindley are visiting in San Francisco, where they

are the house guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lindley. A part of the time is being passed at the country home of the latter on Rough and Ready island, near Stockton. Later, Miss Lindley and her brother plan two weeks of tent life at Camp Ahwahnee, Yosemite valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley have returned to their Menlo avenue home after a month's outing at Paso Robles, San Francisco and Palo Alto.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith of South Hoover street of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Olive Smith to Mr. Howard Crosby Boone of this city.

One of the most artistic of the week's society affairs was the informal tea given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. E. P. Johnson and her daughter, Miss Katherine Johnson of West Twenty-eighth street in compliment to Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield of Mare Island, who is visiting here. About twenty friends were invited to the affair. The house was attractively decorated with sheafs of Shasta daisies, combined with greenery.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Harry Borden, who is Mrs. Mayfield's sister-in-law, entertained with a luncheon for the visitor. The home of the hostess on Harvard boulevard was decorated with emerald maidenhair ferns and big Shasta daisies, the two being daintily combined in a table decoration. Besides the guest of honor and hostess there were present Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Katherine Stearn, Mrs. Paul Grimm, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Evangeline Duque, Mrs. Roy King, Miss Florence Clark, Mrs. Forest Stanton and Mrs. Louis Tolhurst.

Mrs. Mayfield, who before her marriage to Lieutenant Mayfield, was Miss Juliet Borden, plans to leave next Tuesday for San Francisco and Mare Island. With her father, Mr. Sheldon Borden and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Borden, she will enjoy the week end at Coronado, the party making the trip to the southern resort in their motor car.

Miss Marietta Hughes King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. King of Manhattan place, has returned from a short visit with Mrs. Frank M. Chapman Jr., at Covina. Miss King's marriage to Mr. Giles Kellogg Jr., will take place in October.

Miss Alice Elliott has returned to her home here after a pleasant visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick left Thursday for a three months' trip to the east. They will visit in Boston, Newport and other places of interest, thence they will go up into the White Mountains, where an auto tour will be enjoyed.

Mrs. Stephen Childs of West Adams street has gone to San Francisco for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine left recently for Pine Knot Lodge, in Bear Valley, where they will remain until August 1.

Mrs. John D. Works, wife of Senator Works, has returned from Washington and for the summer months will be a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Works on Kingsley Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stuart are planning a northern trip in the latter part of the summer. They will include San Francisco and Del Monte in their itinerary.

Mrs. Mark Lewis, who is visiting here with her parents, was the guest of honor recently at a dance given by Miss Ella Gardner at her home on Wilshire boulevard. About thirty friends enjoyed the occasion.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car. Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
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Non-coal. 019957.
NOTICE is hereby given that Floyd B. Calvert, whose post-office address is 1317 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Cal., did, on the 25th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019957, to purchase the NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of August, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Books

H. G. Wells has had now for a long time two established reputations: he was first known as a writer of semi-scientific romances, very much after the manner of Jules Verne, but with the difference that Wells places his stories in the future of science, and not in its fanciful vagaries. And then to the greater enrichment of literature he became recognized as a fine artist in describing life as it is, and thereby took rank with Galsworthy and the serious Bennett. As a matter of fact Wells is in private life a scientist and a socialist, which means that his books, whether the "War in the Air" or "Kipps," are the expression of himself.

To one who knows Wells the appearance several months ago of the first instalment of a new novel in the English Review demanded close attention. It was called "The World Set Free." After the first chapter it was evident that this new work was neither romance nor novel, but should be called either a combination of the two kinds, or named outright a study in social development. The work is now published in book form and is receiving wide attention. As a literary work it shows a decided advance in stylistic excellence; some passages are up to the first rank as fine writing, especially those that are prophetic of the world's improvement; for they have the eloquence that comes only and always from earnest belief.

There is no thread of plot. The book can be described as a series of sketches of the world and society in 1980, with emphasis and antithesis drawn from visions of neared perfection and past difficulties surmounted. Part of it is recorded in a diary kept by a man who went through the last war, last because with its destruction war was seen to be no longer possible, so much had science done in the invention of explosives and in the application of power. And, too, this is the last war because a new attitude toward life is sprung into the experience of every man; the social conscience is born. Then follows the formation of a world state, and the administration of such a state is shown to be quite practicable. The book ends with a conversation between the most advanced scientific theorists of 1980, and ends grandly indeed.

But when one reads Wells one has not half done if one sees only the literary qualities. The meaning of the book is even more important. In "The World Set Free" the author shows a marvellous advance in thinking power. Before, a student of social conditions and their improvement, he has now become a master in his comprehensive and firm grasp of social philosophy. One can name no one with greater analytical power, greater sympathy, and sounder hypotheses than Wells. This work is equal to that of Bacon or More or Bellamy in vision, and surpasses theirs because it is grounded in practical science instead of on idealistic philosophy. There are a thousand questions that one would like to discuss, for his range is wide indeed. The root of the whole difference, however, between that new world, the Utopian, and the present, lies in the change of attitude from the individualistic to the social. This change the socialists believe in, and fondly hope for, but it is of just this change that the general public is sceptical. Every man is

individual far too deeply, far too securely to be able in seventy years to love his neighbor as himself.

The doctrine is a beautiful one, and was recognized as such two thousand years ago. But even with the divine sanction it has made no difference in human nature in all that time. Will sociology perform what religion has failed in? We think not so quickly as in seventy years at any rate. With the socialism that is the science of the improvement of man's conditions there is no quarrel, and Wells is on solid ground when he talks of that. He knows men, and he knows the lives they lead, and he deplores weakness and misery and failure. To ameliorate life is a great thing, to sympathize with it is perhaps a greater; it has been called a divine attribute, this power of sympathy. But one is reminded of the truth contained in Galsworthy's Pigeon, and of that more pessimistic contention of D'Haussonville that misery is an unavoidable corollary to social organization.

One cannot lay down the book without noticing the bearing that the words of Karenin about sexual love have on the problem so unsatisfactorily dealt with in "Marriage." Those who read the earlier book will find much speculative interest in Karenin's theory that love has been subject to evolution like all else in the world, and that its moral weakness and its various social evils will, equally with its romantic beauty, disappear; it will suffer, let us hope, a sea change into something rich and not too strange. ("The World Set Free." By H. G. Wells. E. P. Dutton Co. Bullock's.)

Ghosts, Dreams and Telepathy

To deny the existence of psychic phenomena would be much the same as to declare there is no such place as Paris because you never were there; to attempt to solve them all by the application of a single rule would be much the same as to declare you know all about St. Petersburg because you heard Burton Holmes' lecture on Russia. Like all other branches of the science of humanity, and of philosophy, the unseen world is viewed from exactly opposite positions by two equally sincere schools—the materialists and the spiritists. Each is perfectly confident that its own system alone is the true one. For many years Professor James H. Hyslop's book, "Science and a Future Life," has been the bulwark among the popular works of those who are satisfied only with a supernatural explanation of psychic phenomena. Professor Olston, in his "Mind Power and Privileges" took up the cause of the materialists, and made an excellent case. H. Addington Bruce has now added a valuable and interesting volume to the bibliography of ghosts, "Adventurings in the Psychical," and he goes even further than Olston in his insistence that there is virtually none of these manifestations which cannot be explained by the operation of two forces—the subconscious memory and telepathy.

Among the spiritists the classic reference is to the Piper case when they would defy explanation on natural grounds. Mrs. Piper was investigated by the Society for Psychical Research, under the personal supervision of Sir Oliver Lodge, and it was

admitted that the element of possible fraud was negligible, and the spiritualistic explanation the only one that seemed explainable to those who studied the case. So much does the argument of the present day spiritists depend upon this series of demonstrations that the greater part of Professor Hyslop's book is devoted to it, and the various conclusions reached. Yet Mr. Bruce finds in Mrs. Piper nothing which does not conform to his general hypothesis of telepathy. For example, when Mrs. Piper told Sir Oliver facts concerning an uncle which he himself could not remember ever knowing, it seemed to the scientist that there could be no explanation excepting that he was brought into direct communication with that uncle through the medium of Mrs. Piper's "control." Mr. Bruce, however, advances the theory that Sir Oliver might easily have heard his uncle dis-

cuss the incidents when he was a boy, have apparently forgotten, but subconsciously have remembered, and this "memory mine" tapped by the acute telepathic powers of Mrs. Piper.

To those who accept the theory of the subconscious mind, this is a sufficiently plausible explanation, but not so satisfying is Mr. Bruce's attempt to explain certain phenomena of ghosts on a similar basis. Instances are cited wherein ghosts have appeared to persons in nowise connected with the circumstances, who could not have known of the traditions involved, and who were merely passing through the "zone of influence." That the ghost was telepathed to such an outsider seems a conclusion rather strained for the purpose of making a point. In other words Mr. Bruce does not appear to have approached his subject with an open mind, but to have de-

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ROUND THE WORLD

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Two Short Tours from San Francisco, Oct. 20, 1914. From New York, January 9, 1915

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terminated in advance that all facts must conform to his theories. This is not the proper state of mind for a man engaged in research, and yet it is characteristic of both sides to the controversy.

For the man who really seeks for light, the only course is to read both Bruce and Hyslop and endeavor to strike a balance. Neither is absolutely convincing, and the impression left upon the unbiased reader is that either both are wrong, or both partly right. After all, it is not impossible that there should be a science of telepathy and likewise spiritual phenomena independent thereof, producing similar results. Mr. Bruce's book, however, is one of the most readable volumes yet published, dealing with this fascinating subject. ("Adventurings in the Psychical," by H. Addington Bruce. Little, Brown & Co. Bullock's.)

R. B.

Enter a New Sherlock

Mrs. Charles Bryce in "Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels" has created a new detective. Her story is not only a clever plot, as is the usual tale of this class, but much of it is devoted to the task, seemingly not regarded by detective story writers as important, of making the characters mean something. They are not merely pawns to be moved back and forth through the mazes of mystery and crime, but each has an intrinsic value. What one likes about the story most is the detective himself. Ordinarily, these fiction sleuths all work along the same line. They know, from the outset, who committed the crime, and devote most of their time to bullying their associates and shrouding their investigations in mystery. Mrs. Bryce's detective is more considerate to his friends, and likewise his readers. He permits you to follow his train of thought, and needs no stupid Watson as a foil. The story itself has to do with the things that befall a woman who, through a romantic desire to mingle with royalty, is induced to deck herself with jewels of fabulous value and go to a secluded place to meet a foreign potentate. The complications are introduced through the fact that the woman, previous to this, had threatened to make a new will, disinheriting her nephew, and further that her companion, an interesting young woman in love with the nephew, had sent the young man an ambiguously worded telegram to keep up his courage in the face of certain financial difficulties. It is a good story, well written. ("Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels," by Mrs. Charles Bryce. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

Notes from Bookland

The Century Magazine, the property for many years of the Century Company, will hereafter, by virtue of a reorganization in its management, be published by a new concern, to be known as the Century Magazine Company, of which Robert M. McBride of the publishing house of McBride, Nast & Co. will be the President. Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, who has been for the last year the editor of this magazine, will continue in that post, and will be secretary of the new concern. Carl T. Keller of Boston, an officer of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, is its vice-president. Robert H. Montgomery of New York City is treasurer. The Century Magazine will continue to be edited from its present offices, and there will be, as in the past, close co-operation with the Century Company. The new company is wholly distinct, however, from the Century Company and from McBride, Nast & Co.

Miss Alice Brown, who won the \$10,000 prize offered by Mr. Winthrop Ames in the recent contest among American playwrights, comes before the public again as the heroine of another interesting announcement. A

novel entitled, "My Love and I," published nearly two years ago by the Macmillan Company, bore the signature of "Martin Redfield." There was much guessing among reviewers as to whether the name was a pseudonym, and whose personality it concealed. Arnold Bennett and Jeffrey Farnol were two to whom its authorship was credited. A few readers guessed Miss Brown, and others saw in it the work of Miss E. B. Dewing, author of "A Big Horse to Ride." Many critics agreed that the story was undoubtedly the real autobiography of a man who could not, therefore, disclose his identity, and one, now revealed to be particularly discerning, declared that "one thing is certain—no woman could have written 'My Love and I.'" The publishers themselves did not know whether or not "Martin Redfield" was a real person, and nobody was more surprised than they when they were informed that Miss Alice Brown is the author.

A new story of girl life by Maria Thompson Daviess will be among the fall publications of the Century Company. This house will have upon its autumn list also new novels by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Alice Hegan Rice, and Ann Douglas Sedgwick.

Roi Cooper Megrue's play, "Under Cover," which has enjoyed a run of twenty-seven weeks in Boston, has been novelized and will be published by Little, Brown & Co. on the date of the production of the play in New York and Chicago, which will be late in August. At about the same time this house will bring out "Oh, James!" by H. M. Edginton, the story of a man who tried to prove the goodness of the world. They promise also a new story by Jefferey Farnol, which, however, will not be ready until next year. Mr. Farnol abandoned a trip he had planned to America this summer in order to complete the novel.

Little, Brown & Co. announce for early publication what ought to be a highly interesting record of Gilbert and Sullivan and the production of their operas by Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. The book was begun as a series of reminiscences by Francois Cellier, who conducted the Savoy operas from the beginning, but he followed his four principals to the great beyond while the work was in progress. Cunningham Bridgeman, who had been associated for many years with the D'Oyly Carte company, and had been a life-long friend of Sullivan, then took up the matter and carried the book on to completion.

Mrs. Velma Swanson Howard, who has done much to bring Scandinavian literature before American readers, and is now translating Miss Lagerlof's "Jerusalem" for publication in this country, recently sailed for Christiania, and will pass the summer in Norway and Sweden.

News of the Theaters (Continued from Page 9)

The topline itself is a farce—a real burlesque on a one time serious phase of drama, now generally called "meller" drama in derision, and in this case, a genuine term for it. "Wronged from the Start" is the name of the act, and Everett Shinn, expert in this line, is its author. Shinn has taken all the personages of the old-time thrillers, and put them into his play, but so exaggerated their impossibilities that they are screamingly funny. Another feature act of the coming week is Dainty Marie, "who isn't what she seems to be." What she seems to be is an unsophisticated girl, who comes out in a simple gown and sings a simple little ditty. Then—presto! Something happens, but what, it would not be fair to say. But it may be added that Marie has a form to make a Venus green with envy. The Gardiner trio

are exponents of modern dancing. They have new phases, the cowboy Texas tommy being one. Henry Lewis offers "vaudeville cocktail" the ingredients being chatter, patter and dance; and Doris Wilson and her two pretty sisters go "Through the Looking Glass" with a bright little skit. Laddie Cliff, the sturdy Australian Woodchoppers, and Rellow are the only holdovers. The usual orchestral concerts and the Hearst Selig pictures of today's news complete the fun list for the week.

Flagg's New Creation

Edwin H. Flagg, who has of late confined his artistic efforts to supplying scenery and effects for other producers, is now fairly launched in the business of vaudeville production. Now he offers "The Vampire," a dream of Chinatown, with Reece Gardner and Babe Lewis starred. It will be at Pantages next week. The story describes a pair of sweethearts searching for the charm which will ensure happiness. They hear of a wonderful jade owned by the keeper of an opium den, and go to buy it. The boy falls into the clutches of a beautiful woman of the underworld, who persuades him that real happiness is found only in dreamland, and gives him the "pipe of dreams." He awakes in Poppyland, and sees his sweetheart among the flowers. Agnes Mahr and B. Misckoeski bring a Russian Ballet. Daisy Harcourt will be heard in coster songs. Salt Bush Bill offers a whip-cracking act. Mae Erwon and company have a comedy in which Miss Erwon plays a "Daisy Green" role under the title "That Girl." Davis is the mystery act of the week.

"Omar" Another Week

If anything were needed to demonstrate the compelling nature of "Omar the Tentmaker," with Guy Bates Post in the name part at the Majestic Theatre this week, the enormous gathering that stormed the doors of that playhouse Wednesday afternoon, vainly attempting to gain admission testified abundantly. The popularity of the piece has resulted in a second week at the Majestic. San Diego, Santa Barbara and San Jose will be the only California cities which will be visited by this organization following Los Angeles.

Barry Play Remains

"Brenda of the Woods," the new drama at the Burbank, is proving one of the most interesting attractions the Burbank has had in many months. In this story of the simple Virginia backwoods girl, Author Richard Barry has raised a big question, which is creating no end of comment and discussion. It will be continued another week. Scenically "Brenda of the Woods" is one of the most elaborate offerings of the year at the Burbank. In the cast are Florence Martin, Forrest Stanley, Harrison Hunter, Grace Travers, Winifred Bryson, Thomas McLarnie, Florence Oberle, James K. Applebee, Walter Catlett, Beatrice Nichols and others of the Burbank stock company.

New Pictures at Miller's

For the remainder of this week, including Sunday, Miller's Theater offers a real all star program. Mary Pickford, the world's most renowned screen artist is the chief attraction and she is appearing in one of her greatest successes, "As It Is In Life," a D. W. Griffith photoplay masterpiece made by the famous American Biograph Company. Lillian, she of the jolly smile and lovely dimple, is also present in a rollicking two part farce comedy "Lillian's Dilemma," and in it she is ably assisted by an all star Vitagraph cast including Wallie Van. Mable Trunnelle, Edison's great emotional actress will be

there in a romantic story of English country life "In the Shadow of Disgrace" and the big bill is completed by a story of artist life "Her Primitive Model" with a cast of Biograph favorites. Monday the program contains the ninth chapter of "The Perils of Pauline" and a splendid Alice Joyce drama "In Wolf's Clothing." This is the delightful offering that through error was announced for last week. Good comedies, the latest news views in motion, and other good things complete the bill.

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Incumbent

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STANDS ON HIS RECORD

Primary Election, Aug. 25th

FRANK BUREN

Register U. S. Land Office,
1909-1914

CANDIDATE FOR

**Judge of the
Superior Court**

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

PRIMARIES AUGUST 25

Stocks & Bonds

Dullness which of late has held sway in the stock market, has become only more deep set this week. Summer is making its influence felt, and, in addition to the other factors preventing activity, serves to take nearly all the vitality out of trading. It may be that it is darkest before the dawn in this case and that the starting of much more spirited business will accompany the advent of fall. At present, however, the operators have little to buoy them up except hopes for a turn in the tide, which has been running in one direction for a long time.

Having attained the "top" for the movement aroun 75½ cents, Los Angeles investment again receded and is now about 71. The net advance amounted to 14 points in two weeks, while the decline to time of writing has carried the shares five points down from "high." The movement in the stock is apparently not governed by any particular happenings in relation to the company's affairs. Good progress is being made by the management in its endeavor to straighten out the company's finances, though, of course, there are troublesome shoals to be passed before clear sailing is in sight. This week the company arranged for the completion of the Trinity auditorium building, and also provided a fund to take up a portion of the gold notes.

Interest in Union has centered around the dividend declaration. Although at time of writing the results of the meeting have not been made public, it is pretty well assured that 2 per cent. will be the payment. The stock, meanwhile, has been suspended between \$66 and \$65. The issue of stock in the British Union Oil Company, Ltd., has been delayed by Ulster disturbances, but will soon be made.

Occasional trades in Associated are about the only thing that has served to break the monotony—except for a few sales of Mexican Petroleum common—so far as the other high-priced issues are concerned. Low-priced oils have been very quiet. California Hills in the mining list has shown a little firmness, but, in general, issues in this division are featureless. The same may be said with a little more emphasis of the remainder of the stocks on the board.

Aside from midsummer quiet, there is just a slight tendency for business to show an improvement locally as indicated by bank clearings and similar barometers.

Banks and Banking

In order that the treasury department may determine intelligently to what extent, if at all, it may be necessary or desirable this season to deposit government funds in national banks in different sections of the country to meet the legitimate demands of business due to the movement of the crops, or to other commercial causes, the following questions have been submitted to national banks:

1. Does your bank expect to have any unusual demand for money or credit within the next six months? If so, for what purposes?

2. To what extent, in your judgment, will funds be needed in your

immediate section in addition to what local banks may be able to supply conveniently and normally, from their own resources, or through the usual accommodations from correspondents?

3. In what months between now and January 1, 1915, will additional funds, if any, be most needed?

4. If, in your opinion, it is desirable to deposit public funds, as was done last year, in the national banks in certain principal cities of different states, please indicate when and to what extent you think it may be desirable to place such funds in the national banks in principal cities in your state, upon the assumption that the banks in such principal cities will use such funds, as far as practicable, for the accommodation of their country bank correspondents.

5. If such deposits should be made this season, please state when you think the deposit placed in your community could be returned conveniently to the treasury, indicating the proportion of the deposits to be returned each month, so that the last repayment may be made not later than March 1, 1915.

6. What security—commercial paper, United States or other bonds—can, with greatest advantage to general business and with safety to the government, be given by the banks in your section to secure such government deposits?

While it is expected that the federal reserve banks will begin business in time to assist in moving the crops this fall, the treasury department will, nevertheless, be prepared to help business, to the full extent of its powers through the proper use of government funds if it becomes apparent at any time that such help is needed in any section of the country.

Heavy Tourist Travel to Egypt

Thos. Cook & Son, owners of nearly fifty first class steamers and dahabeahs on the Nile, Egypt, announce their first tourist steamer of the season will leave from Cairo for the first cataract, November 10, and the Steamer Arabia will follow, November 24, and weekly service thereafter, until the closing of the Nile season, March 9, 1915. Thos. Cook & Son of Los Angeles report that over a dozen well-known Los Angelenos already have made arrangements to visit Egypt this coming season, and it is expected that travel to Egypt will be heavy.—Adv.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
July 10, 1914.

Non-coal. 03756
NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, of Palma, California, who, on January 8, 1906, made homestead entry No. 10979 Serial, No. 03756, for Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 17th day of August, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Fernandez, of R. F. D. No. 7, Box 578, Los Angeles, Calif.; N. S. Guzman, of Palma, California; Dolores Trujillo, of Topanga, California; F. P. Bojorquez, of Palma, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
(Aug. 15)

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME.

OFFICERS.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
R. S. HEATON, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus & Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits, \$20,000,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 20th, 1914.

Non-coal. 020471
NOTICE is hereby given that Grace N. Shirley, whose post-office address is 2214 3rd street, Santa Monica, Cal., did on the 6th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020471, to purchase the SW¼ NE¼, and W¼ SE¼, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$150.00, and the land \$150.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 4th day of August, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Calif.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 12, 1914.

020374 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Lynn H. Case, whose post-office address is 1327 3rd St., Santa Monica, California, did on the 24th day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020374, to purchase the SW¼ SE¼, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provision of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
June 19, 1914.

Non-coal 05378
NOTICE is hereby given that Annie Patrovsky, of Los Angeles, California, widow of Peter Patrovsky, who, on July 2, 1907, made homestead entry No. 11405, Serial No. 05378, for NE¼ SW¼, S¼ SW¼, SW¼ SE¼, Section 29, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 A. M., on the 7th day of August, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Elmer Stevenson, Charles Bemis, Anton Weber, Henry Jones, all of Calabasas, California. [July 25]

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 13, 1914.

017972 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Frank C. Prescott, Jr., whose post-office address is 442 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017972, to purchase the NE¼, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the

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stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 2, 1914.

020475 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Claude M. Allen, whose post-office address is Topanga, California, did, on the 6th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020475, to purchase the SE¼ SE¼, Section 34, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at One Hundred Dollars, the stone at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 11th day of August, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

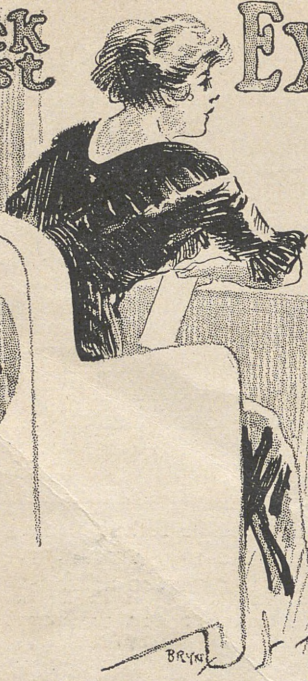
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 8, 1914.

021109 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that William D. McConnell, whose post-office address is 1639 Gower St., Hollywood, California, did, on the 2nd day of December, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021109, to purchase the NE¼ NE¼, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone at \$50.00 and the land at \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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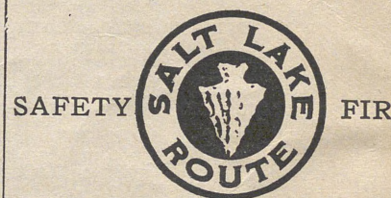
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Books



Have you ever fancied what it would be like—just what it would really mean, to be shipwrecked upon a desert island? Not just a literary desert island, where the man or woman always appears from the other side of a craggy, moss-grown, properly concealing rock, just at the psychological moment, but a real Robinson Crusoe sort of shipwreck, without even a Friday, to assist in saving the situation during the other days of the week—In such an event as that—Have you ever fancied just how one would feel? I suppose you wonder what suggested such a train of thought to my mind, don't you? Well, it came through having a curious question put to me by a query-loving friend a few days since—"If you were wrecked on a desert island what one book would you most wish to have with you?" A poser isn't it? Really I haven't answered her yet, though I have been doing some thinking on the subject—Wouldn't it be interesting to put that same question to all your friends and compare the various answers? It would open up quite a field for "human nature study"—suppose we try it and compare notes as to results—Really, I find myself very prone to judge my friends by their tastes in books, and though I don't place the people who do love my pet books in the category of those who are "fit for treason, strategy and spoils" yet I do love those who love my printed idols—and apropos, I am sure you will so enjoy the latest American publication of Leonard Merrick—**When Love Flies Out O' the Window**—which Mitchell Kennerly has just brought out—It is a brilliant story of theatrical life, but human people. The scene shifts from London to Paris, and finally to New York and to all these places he insists upon your actually accompanying him and in entertaining you in his never failing, clever manner—

The Return of the Prodigal—by May Sinclair is another

novel of virility and power as well as consistent literary merit—Don't miss reading it—Did you know that Thomas Dixon has written another war story called **The Victim**?—This time he has woven it out of the dramatic events in the life of one of the greatest of our southern heroes—Jefferson Davis—and it is one of the best pieces of work Mr. Dixon has done—The history is accurate—the characters well drawn, and the interest never flagging—The lovers of Paul will be glad to know that Baroness Von Hutten has created a new and wondrous heroine—**Maria**, in a book of that title—It is an intense love story of a charming English girl, and a prince traveling under an incognito, with the usual obstacles of royal rank, etc., and its romantic thrills are many—

Have you read **Roughing It De Luxe**, by Irvin S. Cobb, that account of a trip to the Pacific Coast with its marvelous mixture of wonderful description, and its grotesque humor? True he does wax just a bit daring and impertinent at times, but he is so inordinately funny that one can easily forgive him, and it is all too entertaining and clever to miss—

The Duchess of Wrexe by Hugh Walpole would be worthy of notice if for no other reason than that it is by the author of *Fortitude*, which was one of the most worthwhile books of fiction in years, but it has sufficient merit in its own right to need no help from the unusual worth of its predecessor—It is somewhat complicated as to plot, and at times seems crowded with characters, but the style is so felicitous, and the general appeal so strong that you will find every page delightful—I think I told you to be sure and read Mary Austin's **They Who Knock At Our Gates**, but I must insist that you don't unintentionally pass it—I have read it twice and shall do so again, it is such a wonderful big little book of our America, the wonder and glory of which are so marvel-

ously pictured by a Russian immigrant, that it serves (or should do so) to awaken us to a sense of our own lack of real appreciation—

There are several delightful books for the little folks which I have found in my browsings in this new book store at Bullock's, of which I am always telling you, and to which I never tire of going, but I am only going to tell you of one today, for that you will want for the children at once, I know. It is **The Blue-Bird For Children** by Georgette Leblanc—(Madame Maurice Maeterlinck). No I don't mean the elaborate edition published last year, but a small convenient durable book, that the children may handle with ease and read with pleasure, and at the same time it is quite inexpensive—I am so delighted with it, as it will enable all the little folks to have the story of the "Blue Bird for their happiness," as Tytyl would say—I am so glad to know that you too, are finding out what a wonderfully delightful, and helpful place my new book store at Bullock's is—why I wouldn't know how to get on without it now—They not only keep an excellent stock of well selected books, and are always ready and willing to order quickly, anything which they may not have, but they give you service—**pleasant, intelligent service** which is one of the big elements which make for success, and which largely explains the perfectly wonderful strides that book store has made within the past few months—It is the place to get your books for you always feel so satisfied and pleased when you get them there—I am even writing my out of town friends that they should go to Bullock's for Books—

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